THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SIXTEEN AND FIFTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALICE CARY.

Come, darling, put your frown aside,
I own my fault—'tis true, 'tis true,—
There is one picture that I hide
Even away from you.

"Your love is nothing to me!" say,
You wrong me now, my pretty one,
There is no secret I can say—
No murder dreamed or done.

Not less I love you that I go
Sometimes from all your smiles apart—
I have a heart you do not know
Shut up within my heart.

But come, the walk will not be far,
Across the meadow toward the tree,
From whose black fork one yellow star
Uplifting large and slow, you see.

And smile—I need your smile to-night.
How well the lights and shadows meet.
Look where that dove flies! full in sight
My picture lies complete.

A dusty road—some dusty trees,
You know not well if two or three,
A strip of grass, and back of these
A homely house you see.

A window with two earthen pots
As full of flowers as they can grow,
Speckled like blushes run to blots
Over a cheek of snow.

That was our home, my sweet, not ours—
You were not born—how could it be?
That window where you see the flowers
Is where she watched for me.

And just beneath is where she lay—
Her hands as if she knew I came;
Her sweet mouth smiling as to say,
"I love you all the same."

It was, they said, her spirit's birth:
They said that she was gone to sleep
Alas, a poor white piece of earth
Was all that I could keep.

("My thoughts are from my picture gone!")
The hop vine twisting round the peach,
The hollyhocks with red caps on,
You see them all, and each

The porch with morning-glories gay,
And sunken step, the well-sweep tall,
The barn with roof twixt black and gray,
And warpt, wind-shaken wall;

The garden with the fence of stone,
The lane so dusky at the close,
The door-yard gate all overgrown
With one wild smothering rose:

The honeysuckle that has blown
His trumpet till his throat is red,
And the wild swallow, mateless flown
Under the lonesome shed—

The corn, with beans pods showing through,
The fields that to the sunset lean,
The crooked paths along the dew,
Telling of flocks unseen.

The angry color of the hand
Feeling along the wild wide reach
Of waves, that black and wrinkled strand
Like mummies on the beach—

The bird in scarlet colored coat
Flying about the apple tree,
The new moon in her shallow boat
Sailing alone, you see—

The shadows stretching to the door
From the dim twilight of the trees,—
I cannot show you any more—
The landscape holds but these.

And yet, my darling, after all,
'Tis not my picture you behold;
Your house is ruined near to fall—
Your flowers are dew and mould.

You see the bird with scarlet wings,
The twilight shade, the apple-tree—
'Tis not the outward form of things,
But meanings that I see.

And why I make my walk this way,
And linger at the briery gate,
And what it is I cannot say,
Is folded in your fate.

When all of truth you can receive,
Is tried and turned the inside out,
Till all that you at last believe
Is to believe you doubt;

When you have toiled all ways to fetch
Good out of evil—racked your brains,
And racked your soul to that bad stretch
Where reasoning madness reigns:

When you have stript from off your mind
Its fire of dreams, that you may be
At shallow peace with what you find
In poor humanity.

When on some broken hope your heart
Is held impaled in mortal woe,
When you can live from life apart,
You will not ask, but know.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"THOSE EYES."

BY C. S.

I have thy Dagger in a shabby old case,
And the treasure I know how to prize,
For it gives me the features of that shining face,
Yet, alas! not the light of "those eyes."

For emblems of them my unwearied sight,
Shall wander the fields of the skies,
And the two fairest stars that people the night,
Shall serve to recall me "those eyes."

Yet should those eyes and the stars exchange places,
Broad noon would from midnight arise,
Those stars would be lost in the light of that face,
And night would be day with "those eyes."

Nay! think not I flatter, my words are quite true,
This pen never—ahem! never—lies;
What pen *could* flatter in speaking of you?
What pencil could flatter "those eyes?"

A DROWSY LOVER.

I must hasten and bid you good night, love,
And bis me to downy repose,
For I fear if I don't that next day, love,
I shall want most sadly a doze.

'Tis sweet to sit by your side, love,
Till eleven or twelve in the night,
And whisper soft words in your ear, love,
With nought but your eyes for a light.

But by midnight my eyes get so dull, love,
I feel more like sleeping than wooing,
And I hardly can keep from a gape, love,
So I think I'd better be going.

I've talked full four hours to-night, love,
And really I've nothing to say,
And I fear we'll both get to sleep, love,
If longer you urge me to stay.

Pictures of Life.

NO AND YES.

A LEAP YEAR'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Miss—ahm-hm, allow me to make you acquainted with Mr.—ahm-hm-hm."

Thus said the hostess with conventionally mysterious muttering.

"In murmuring sound the rest was drowned;
And surnames heard they none."

I bowed; I presume the lady did, for I did not see; but wearily and carelessly seated myself within the deeply cushioned recess of the heavily draped window, and forthwith uttered the words casually uppermost in my mind.

"Make you *acquainted!* As if acquaintance were to come by mere juxtaposition—by a momentary act accomplishing the fusion—as one makes two quarts of water acquainted by fusing them in a half gallon measure!"

"You are talking to yourself," answered my companion in a prompt, straightforward way, and with an indefinable music in her voice that made me think her of Southern birth, "and not to me. That is not fair, and besides, it disappoints me, because Miss Lynes said she was going to bring me somebody who would talk to *me*."

"What else did she say?" I asked sharply, for the first time looking at her, and seeing features which I was in no haste to lose sight of.

"Why do you ask so suspiciously?" said she, smiling.

And the smile was a revelation. It was such a rare and perfect and beautiful smile as is right seldom seen; most seldom, perhaps, on a beautiful face. A smile—except it be a false, grimacing counterfeit—lifts from the countenance an invisible veil, and permits through the new expression of the features a clearer glance at the essence of the soul within. Sometimes this shadowy but effective veil, the unexpression of the motionless features is a homely envelope, whose removal reveals startling beauties; sometimes it is a beautiful sham—since every lovely exterior in some sense promises correspondent inner loveliness—like a mist over marshes, shifting away only to exhibit platitude or mire or filth. Unfrequently, as in the present case, do beautiful features enshrine a beautiful soul; and then, as now, the lifting of the veil increases admiration. My companion's eyes were dark and deep; her brow seemed low and not broad, until the head was considered; and then it was seen that the full and luxuriant growth of the heavy tresses hid so much of the front of the head as to veil its great actual breadth and volume. The strongly lined eyebrows gave a marked and earnest character to the whole face. Lighted by that glowing smile, the lovely features grew instinct with the sunny warmth of a true and kindly soul. The smile was a revelation of sweetness and goodness; and as a revelation, because I saw it, therefore I believed it. And forthwith, and ever thereafter, to her I spoke *truthfully*. How much that means none can tell but those who have well learned how vast a majority of the Actualities—thoughts, wishes, aspirations, efforts, failures of every Life, are never seen in Life, except by God—how very, very few of human hearts do not wear over that Black Veil which the sad prose-poet has girded upon the brow of his typical minister.

I answered her question: "Because I feared that she had indicated to you some special part or other which I was to play. For to present one as 'the brilliant conversationist,' 'the funny man,' 'the queer person,' 'the author of ——,' in short, as 'the person whom I now present for the performing of certain specified feats,' is wickedly to subject the involuntary specialist to a demand that he may be neither able nor willing to answer. It is demanding of people presumably modest to practice an ostentation not much less vulgar than that of the bold young lady who danced John the Baptist's head off before King Herod, the patron saint of bachelors."

"Your sensitiveness," she said, "seems to indicate that there is some part which you fill with noticeable ability, does it not? But I need not leave you to your terrors. Miss Lynes said not a word except those which I repeated to you."

"Amen," I answered, "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*, I shall talk in peace, and certainly will do my best."

"Latin before ladies," she replied, "is like the monkeys from Africa, far-fetched and troublesome. So please to translate."

"I only humbly hinted that it was to my advantage not to have anything expected of me. And I desire to apologize, not for the Latin, but for letting you hear it. I was soliloquizing. Studious people, you know, are prone to the habit."

"You are a most studious person, then; for that is the third instance in as many minutes. But the subject of your second monologue might interest me. And since you promise to talk to me, will you talk about that?"

"Yes, but you must help. I couldn't lecture in a window-seat to an audience of one, aside from the impoliteness. Acquaintance, was it not? Acquaintance is shallow. Let me speak of the real knowledge in whose place usually stands the sham called acquaintance."

"As you please," she said, in a tone from which I gathered no indication; and I therefore pursued the thread of my own thoughts in my own way, answering,

"Very good. And if you do not forbid me, I will ask you a question about a sort of acquaintance which might stand as the type of every other, because it needs the truest and fullest communion and comprehension. I mean the acquaintance of men and women with each other; and the question is this: What sort of acquaintance ought theirs to be who purpose intermarriage? And here is another: How to select one whom to marry, and what to seek?"

She interrupted me with a tone impatient, yet not acid enough to be a sneer, "And your third question is, I presume, man-like—Whom shall *I* marry, and what shall she have?"

"I am a married man for aught you know," I retorted, quietly. "But whether I am or not, I was only speculating in those inquiries, and that very abstractedly. Shall I go on?"

"Why, yes. I don't know that one need hesitate. Yet speaking *truly* of such things demands the exposition of the inmost thoughts. But we are not, I suppose, to know each the other's honesty."

"We are such strangers," I answered, "that in a single isolated chance interview we may safely say what we will, without fear of revealing too much. If we knew each other better, perhaps we should be seeing too far into the depths where true thoughts arise. But may I see your eyes for one moment?"

She hesitated; blushed, I thought, slightly; but with a very little compression of the lips she turned to me, and for several seconds we gazed steadily into each other's eyes.

"It is an effort, is it not?" I asked, as she looked away at last upon the ceaseless gyrations of the solemn waltzers within their narrow ring.

"It certainly is," she answered, looking down; "why?"

"Because if you were crusted over with the brazen habitudes of fashion, you would, not feel it to be so. But you are not; and are therefore probably truthful. Yet there is also something which you are concealing, or that you are unwilling I should know."

She turned sharply, looking full upon me, and this time a little alarmedly.

"How did you know?" she demanded.

"I only saw faint flushes wavering on your cheek, and the almost imperceptible tremor and earnest contraction of your brows. They are too distinctly lined, and too quick in indication not to be clearly read. But I have not the remotest suspicion of the nature of this hidden thing; neither of course shall I seek to know it."

She made no answer, and I proceeded.

"After all, I progressed no further in my philosophizing than to state a proposition or two. For instance, here is my first thesis: That a man or woman, if admired and successful in society, gives up much at marriage."

"And receives nothing in exchange?"

"Possibly; certainly not always an equivalent. There is great difference between social pleasure and domestic pleasure. If I enjoy one it does not follow that I enjoy the other. If I enjoy both, the exchange may be happy; if not, not."

"But a human being without the power of enjoying both these pleasures—especially the domestic—would be so maimed in nature as scarcely to be human."

"Perhaps," I said. "Yet it might at least be admitted that there would be a strong temptation to attempt winning all the triumphs of society, and afterwards to seek the calm content of marriage."

"And it would not be the first instance of avarice overreaching itself," rejoined my companion.

"I must grant that a balanced nature would understand and enjoyingly receive this necessary exchange. My proposition should have begun, '*Some* men and women—'"

"Or, Some men and women of deformed natures!"

"Agreed. Now consider another statement; That an aspirationist and dreamer, who marries, must give up his aspirations and his dreams."

"Not every one. *What* aspirationist and dreamer!"

"One who is stimulated strongly in action and thought by admiration or sympathy from beautiful and lovely women—and admiration *of* them; who chooses from amongst them his most lovely and beloved ideals, and lovingly delineates them, giving his heart and soul, for the time, to his creation, like the artist who loved the beautiful statue which his own hands had wrought. You remember that Haydon insists that all conceptions and forms of Beauty are based upon the idea and the form of Woman?"

"You seem merely to intend," said she, not without some tinge of disdainful emphasis, "that persons whose only business is to write love-stories, and who find themselves encouraged in that weighty calling when women's praises tickle their vanity, cannot afford to lose so powerful a stimulus, but if they get married must turn to some other occupation. I am so charitable as to acknowledge the condition which you omitted, namely, that these authors—who are all to be men—are so honorable as not to feel at liberty to admire other women when they are married. But I must say that if marriage would turn them to any other business, it would be a most expedient undertaking for them! Neither shall I submit to so crazy an authority as the suicide Haydon."

"I spoke in this instance only of men," I answered, "probably from unconscious sympathy with my sex. You are right also in supposing that I spoke only of honorable men. For is it not true that a wife owns her husband's thoughts—at least his loving thoughts! As not full fealty to my love inconsistent both in justice and in possibility, with the yielding myself to such absorbing dreams of ideal beings, and such devotion to them as would give life to my portraiture of them? Or if I am describing actual living women, surely I could not give life to the description without such a surrender to feelings based, at least, upon passion, as to imply a certain unfaithfulness."

"I think," she said, "there are answers superabundant to this bachelor's theory. It is but a narrow soul that could need to be walled into so contracted a channel in order to progress. And it is necessarily a most miserably dry and meagre life that you suggest, that would require, or satisfy, such a shrivelled nature. In all enterprises or aspirations truly good and noble, marriage, like any natural condition of life, is, in fact—must be—a help and a strength. The question is one of nobility of aims. And instead of your assumption that with any one noble aim whatever, marriage is incompatible, I claim that any aim with which it is so, is ignoble, nor could any better proof be given than the cold and selfish and unclean life of Goethe."

She spoke vehemently and rapidly, with a beautiful scorn that radiated flashing light from her deep eyes; with intense and vivid emotion; so that I quite forgot my stupid reasonings, and unconsciously answered, at she ended—

"Yes; yes. Oh, if I could only have that help? and that sweet strength?"

She started and smiled and blushed, all at once; and seemed to retreat within a reserve from which too fervent an interest had betrayed her.

"I trust you may, if you truly wish it," she said, with deep seriousness; and then added, more playfully, "not married, however, decidedly."

"I must *fess*, I believe," I admitted. "You are a searching preacher. I am tempted to ask you to 'improve' one more text of kind, akin to the other two—should a woman ever first reveal to a man that she loves him?"

"I have preached too much," she answered. "You have managed to make me do the talking. I believe I have uttered sincerities enough for one night. It is leap-year; I might say 'yes' to your question, by special privilege. I might also say that 'revealing' might be accomplished in other ways than the mannish point-blank statement of preference and demand for reciprocation—delicate feminine ways that perhaps could not be helped—very possibly would not be understood—certainly could not be abused. But there is a question—" and the lady's voice changed, and she spoke, I thought, in a reminiscent and almost a sad tone, as if dreaming of mournful memories, and with a faint tinge of bitterness, "which you have not suggested, and which includes all those—whether it be not evil to marry?"

"You state it," I replied, "as if you would answer, 'Yes, it is.'"

"It was a wise friend," she said, "who told me, not long ago, that the man is a fool who does not marry, and the woman is a fool who does. But let us talk of something else."

"Suppose, then, I impart to you Sketches of the Inner Life of a Fashionable Family. I see members of it present. They remind me of pleasing circumstances which I can narrate of the household."

"Scandal! By all means. A most choice variety; an apt transition, from abstract social philosophy to concrete social phenomena. Who are they?"

"I will not tell you now. If you guess, after I am through, I will tell you."

It was agreed, and I proceeded—

"The head of the family, one evening, when I was in the parlor, suddenly asked me if I wouldn't like to see the bust of his former wife; I being, as he was pleased to state, 'posted up on the sculping question.' In spite of the queer look that hereupon beclouded the visage of the present Mrs.—ahem! suppose we say Van Due—I believe he was once an auctioneer—I said it would afford me a melancholy pleasure, and followed him up stairs with great alacrity. He led me, in spite of my blushes, straight into his bed-room, and exhibited the work of art, which, with touching simplicity he had displayed upon a pedestal of plaster opposite the bedside, in such wise as to greet his sight at morn and eve, the first and last object of each day's fondly reminiscent gaze. What a fantastic fetish the honest old soul had made! The first Mrs. Van Due was not the handsomest woman in the world, having been lean, withered, and of a sourly-favored countenance; all of which the artist had ably presented; the hard lines, sunken cheeks and eyes, and thin, sharp nose, and prominent cheek-bones, 'coming up' even with a certain weird and hagridly increased power, in the cold, rigid marble. These pleasant points of corpse-likeness good Mr. Van Due had terrifically exaggerated, by crowning the grim effigy, somewhat after the polychromatic system, with the identical real 'false front,' side-curls and cap, which his spouse had last worn in life; insomuch, that a more ghastly apparition to stand by a man's bedside can hardly be imagined; the gleaming blue whitish face being so animated, or rather possessed, by means of the colored trappings, as to convert it into a kind of adult Seraph, as the conjurers of the Domdaniel were used, according to Mr. Southey, to name the necromantic deadheads which they employed in their wicked trade."

"Horrible!" interjected my companion; and she recited from Thalaba the Destroyer,

"The cheeks were deathy dark,
Dark the dead skin upon the hairless skull;
The lips were bluey pale;
Only the eyes had life;
They gleamed with demon light."

I continued: "I imagine that Mr. Van Due gave me credit for great sensibility; for upon beholding this phenomenon, I forthwith held my handkerchief against my face and shook with restrained emotion, from which, by a tremendous effort, I so far recovered as to be able to articulate that it was indeed a sad and touching memorial of one so good and so lamented. To this sentiment Mr. V. agreed; and added, in a melancholy tone, that he thought he got a more realizing sense of the former Mrs. V. by having so one of her old associations clustered around her bust. I coincided with him, and assured him, in all sincerity, that the united efforts of himself and the sculptor had produced a most unique, striking, and powerful likeness. As we came down stairs, he pointed to a statuette group, in plaster, of a winged boy and girl, indulging themselves in the joint execution of a kiss, for which purpose the youth was represented as picking up his companion's face by a piece of the cheek, held between his forefinger and thumb, the little finger sticking stiffly out, after the fashion of some young ladies when sewing. 'There,' he said, 'that I calculate to send to Dr. Driggs. I wanted to make him some kind of a present, and I thought there would be a kind of appropriateness for a physician, in a statue of Cupid and Physic.' 'Which is Cupid?' I asked him; 'and which is Physic?' 'Why,' he said, 'Cupid 's the boy, of course; so the girl must be Physic; or else it means that he's giving her physic.' In this latter view I coincided, and got out of the house as fast as I could; for I feared to encounter the sharp eyes of Mrs. Van Due the second, whom I judged somewhat better informed upon the sculping question than her spouse.

"There's only one other thing to tell you from my own knowledge. A little daughter of the family died I went to the funeral, but stayed not long. For upon entering the sad house, and passing the door of the room next to that in which the coffin stood, I saw there a striking group, arranged in the middle of the apartment, in this wise. Mr. Van Due was sitting in a chair with a handkerchief at his eyes, and with one arm supporting his wife, whose face was hidden upon his shoulder. One of the young ladies stood behind them, as if in character of background; and the other sat sadly on a footstool at her mother's knee, looking, with filial reverence, up at the tip of the maternal chin; all shrouded in black, all silent and motionless as so many wax figures. I was approaching to offer some remarks of a condoling character; but Brown, the undertaker, stepping with silent swiftness to my side, beckoned me away, giving me to understand that the group, composition, eyes, expression, white handkerchiefs, silence, and all, was a part of the ceremony, arranged by himself expressly for the occasion, and not to be disturbed; a kind of serious tableau, for the better maintenance of an appropriate sorrow in the house. Some wicked spirit whispered to Brown, through my mouth, that he ought to hang a card on them, labelled, "Visitors are requested not to touch the figures" whereat he was horribly shocked in his professional sensibilities, and left me, no doubt as a heartless and hopeless wretch, whom not even the Brownian *chef-d œuvre* of funeral grandeur could touch.

There was a wedding in the family! the wedding of the eldest daughter; and in the parlor, at that auspicious time, were displayed a great variety of such gifts, especially of jewelry and plate; whereof were abundant enumerations and puffs in all the papers, with the items and sum of valuation. All that, perhaps, was well enough; and, indeed, after all, I don't know why the other fact was not also well enough, which I learned afterwards; that the firm of Blackball & Co., jewellers, sent in next day a little bill for the loan of these said articles; and that a couple of policemen, disguised as waiters, in the interest of that highly respectable firm, were all that evening keeping watch and ward over the precious wares.

"There," said the lady, "that is scandal enough."

"One more item, however," I answered, "and I am done. I am well informed that the son and heir-apparent of this family is betrothed to a certain young lady, of whom I know neither the name nor anything else, except that she is reported both lovely and rich. But I have it from good authority that this sweet youth, desiring in every possible way to recommend himself to his lady-love, contrived a scheme to do so, by sealing his letters to her with motto wafers, having thereon dainty devices; usually a hand holding a ring, with the posy, 'Sorrows I divide, joys I double;' which must greatly have enlightened the post-office clerks and their circle of friends, and was besides a gallant and delicate avowal of his true love; as if he had wished to proclaim the gift of his affection as they do in a transfer of real estate, 'To all people to whom these presents shall come.' There, that is all, since you are satisfied, for enough is as good as a feast. But do you guess who these delightful people are?"

"I think I will not try," she said, a little constrainedly and with a blush; for as I asked, the very young gentleman in question established himself close before us, with a young lady. My companion then, knew to whom I referred; for her embarrassment evidently was caused by his appearance, according to the proverb, just as he was being talked about.

"Then shall I make exhibition of my gleanings in some other field?" I asked her; but she did not immediately answer, being absorbed in some meditation or other, and I had opportunity to observe young Mr. Van Due's appearance; which, like a standard comedy, though not new, was entertaining. He was—and is still, I apprehend—a short and slender person, with prominent light bluish eyes, a little like raw oysters, a mouth like a gash, and straight hair of a strange hue, like scouring-sand, brushed strenuously forward over a pair of flat, wide, thin, red divergent ears, and parted by a crease running fore and aft over his head from the nape of his neck to his forehead. But he had plenty of money; and—it must also be admitted—a considerable share of business and general ability. For this praise, however, I must compensate myself by adding that he was horribly vain, and abundantly flippant and supercilious.

I was yet studying the nubby head and conventional attitudinizing of this Fifth-Avenue Antinous, when my companion at last answered my question.

"Not if you have gathered always such acid fruits as these—sour speculations and sourer scandal. What vinegar!"

In answer to which broad and intelligible intimation, I attempted to vary my style to a light and gracefully discursive conversational miscellany; in which, however, I did not, for some reason, succeed to satisfaction; my companion appearing to be preoccupied or fatigued.

It was not yet very late when she arose to depart; and then I remembered that I did not yet know her name. Not considering that I might easily learn it from my hostess, I bluntly asked her for it.

"Louise Le Roy; and yours?"

"Adam Johnston. Louise Le Roy! It should have been La Reine," I said, as she bowed in leaving me, "Louise, the Queen."

I discovered that Louise Le Roy was the lady of whom I had spoken to herself, as betrothed to young Van Due—which name, for clearness' sake, I will continue to use. I had therefore been relating to her with great gusto, a long string of absurdities, "done and performed" by her own (future) parents, husband and family! Here was a pretty piece of work! No wonder she had lost her interest in my conversation; for she could not very well have disbelieved it; and must necessarily therefore either have been displeased at me for the revelation, or at the discovery itself, or, most probably, at both. It was sufficiently awkward. Yet she was so delightful to me in person and manner, that I determined to proceed in apparent unconsciousness of my *faux pas*, unless unmistakeable indications—which nobody could give better than Miss Le Roy, when she chose—should prevent me.

Without difficulty I obtained leave to visit her; and in the course of a period of which no especial register is necessary, I gradually established myself upon a footing of secure friendship with her. No reference was ever made to the unlucky anecdotes which I had narrated in our first conversation by either of us; probably—certainly on my part—for the sake of the pleasure of our intercourse; for in beliefs and instincts—in study, reading, art, music—all aspirations, efforts and enjoyments, we found so many points of essential agreement and sympathy, and so many minor ones of stimulating difference and discussion, that although we never purposely consulted or instituted any inquiries concerning our actual relations to each other, yet the joint enjoyment arising from them was so undeniable in existence, and so keen and crescent in essence that its loss would have been very serious.

Does any one inquire, Who am I that write? and When occurred the events?

I have fixed the date so that it must of necessity, either have been this present year, or some one out of a fourth of the whole number of years preceding. If the narrative forereach beyond the period of perusal, then let the questioner choose whatever year may seem best to fit the story.

I that write? Those for whom I write either will know me and my reasons, or will not need to. Or if any would know the secret truth, "I may be found by those who know how to seek."

"Louise," I was permitted to say; and I used with mock humility, which yet was alive with truth, to say also, "Madam, the Queen;" and sometimes I addressed my notes (not directed them) to "Louise, the Queen."

She sometimes had called me Adam—it was in twilight, when we were near; and when we talked most truly of most hidden things—but not often.

I loved her. It was no matter for the facts, for her wealth, her betrothal, my shadowy, obscure life, my poverty. She was such a power! her presence was such a light, an invigorating influence, that when I recognized her efficiency upon me in such wise, by necessity I repaid the benefit with love. Yet I hid it. Indeed, I hid it too well. At least, if she had earlier apprehended it, we should both have been spared much pain.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

ROMANCING AT SARATOGA.

We find the following account of the first "bit of romance" at Saratoga, this season, in the Saratoga Post:

Among the first arrivals this season was a gentlemanly looking chap—adorned with all the dignity and magnificence that the barber and tailor are capable of investing the man with. He put up at one of the first-class houses, and commanded all the respect and attention that this apparent character would entitle him to. His foreign airs called attention to him from the visitors, and when approached, his modest, but cold dignity repulsed them politely—leaving them to conclude that he was some well-bred noble, who would not be disturbed in his reveries by common place approaches. The ladies were the first to find out his nobility. Every politeness was shown him, and his bosom was fragrant with bouquets by fair hands formed. Yet the lion was coy and cold as ever, until one evening, while wandering near the Circular Railway, he met the wealthy Mrs. ——, from Ga. By accident, the lady had lost her bracelet in the path, and it would be ignoble for him to refuse to help her find it. They sought in vain for the bracelet, until it was too dark to longer look, and fatigued, they sat together on the seats in the grove. The lady, forgetting her loss, with sweet inventions of her own, suggested her suspicions of his noble birth—which were modestly increased by his reply that he "made no such pretensions—at least in that country where every man may become a noble." The answer, so far at least as she was concerned, was perfectly satisfactory.—At this time he condescended to think favorably upon her beauty, and could not believe her of common descent, her modesty, intelligence, wit and dignity belonged to a high order. All of which we are bound to confess was true. He accompanied her to the hotel, and from thence she came to be envied by every marketable daughter, and slandered by every speculating mother. For a week they were always seen together—and who, for the last few days, has walked beneath the splendid pines on Circular street has not met them? They were in love—deep, undying love. The good old father saw the attachment, and was not surprised when the pretty Miss informed him her hand was asked in marriage—and she craved his consent. That consent was given—but not, however, until the old gent had thought full five minutes upon the propriety of inquiring himself into the pecuniary condition of the suitor. "But what use," said the daughter, "of inquiring?—is he not a lord!—and how insulting it would be to even suggest that money was a consideration for giving away your daughter!" The old man thought as thought the daughter, and both slept that night surrounded with visions of splendid castles—gay parties, liveried servants, and exclusive greatness. But what was their surprise the next morning, when smiling through tears of joy on the first meeting after the "consent," to be disturbed by one of the proprietors of a stage line running out of Albany accosting the "lord for a day" with: "I say, Bill, you skunk, why did you leave the road when we were short of hands, and, what's worse, carry off two days' receipts?" The lordly airs dropped—the lady's head fell on her snowy bosom, as, with a faint shriek, she fell into the arms of her father—and tall walking on the west side of Broadway towards the depot might have been seen on Saturday morning last, about the time the southern train was leaving.

A PERSIAN PRINCESS.—I went to see the Shah's half-sister, a beautiful girl of 15, who lived with her mother in an obscure part of the anteroom, neglected by the Shah, and consequently by every one else. She was really lovely; fair, with indescribable eyes, and a figure only equalled by some of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Italian art. This is so rare among Persian women, that she was one of the few persons I saw in the country with an approach to a good figure. She was dressed in the usual fashion of trowsers on trowsers, the last pair being of such stiff brocade that if put standing upright in the middle of the room there they would remain. Her hair was curled, not plaited, and she was literally covered with diamonds. She was quiet in her manners, and seemed dejected. She was most anxious to hear about European customs. What seemed to surprise her most was that we took the trouble to undress every night going to bed; and she asked me was it true we put on a long white dress to pass the night in? All Persian women are astonished at this custom, and are quite unable to account for it. They never undress at night; they untie their thin mattress from its silken cover, draw it out from its place against the wall, and roll themselves up in the wadded quilt which forms their blanket. The only time they change their clothes is when they go to bath. If they go out to visit, they, of course, put on their best garments, and take them off at night; but generally they lie down just as they are, and even in cold weather they wear their chadoor, or out-of-door veil, at night.—*Lady Shiel's Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, five copies to be sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,		$1,00 a year.
8 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10,00 "
12 "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

We are pleased to perceive that while this Committee of Citizens remains all powerful in California, measures are being taken evidently looking towards a replacing of the civil power in the hands of legally elected authorities. That the Committee should not abandon its organization until assured that no revengeful system of persecution shall be commenced against its members and adherents, is simply the dictate of common prudence. And if the present authorities of the State are not willing to grant this full immunity for the past, we should consider it—were we a member of that Committee—only the part of good sense to hold the sword in our own hand until another election. If the course of the Committee thus far is sustained, as there is every reason to believe, by the great majority of the people of the State, there will be no difficulty in electing such men to office, as will overlook all that is illegal in what has taken place, for the sake of the good that has been conferred upon the community.

The Committee, in order doubtless to manifest to the world the grossness of the corruption which its members took up arms to disperse, have published the report of a sub-committee appointed to investigate the financial system of the county. We have not room for this report, but may quote some of the items of corruption brought to light by the Sub Committee. In the first place, a debt has been contracted of at least half a million of dollars, for which, as appears by an examination of the records, the county has received little or no consideration. The following are cited as illustrations of a system of reckless and fraudulent expenditure:—

The purchase of a hospital building, never yet used, and utterly unfit for the purpose, at an expense of about $30,000. The appropriation of $10,000 for a county map—never yet completed—and the delivery of that amount of warrants *before the commencement of the work*. An appropriation and delivery of warrants for $450, for hose never furnished. The Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, who received for his services in that capacity two hundred dollars per month, has also acted as Clerk of the Board of Equalization, and for this service, which is merely nominal, he has received the further sum of two hundred dollars per month throughout the year. Other clerks and deputies have been employed and paid without due authority of law. Such fellows as Casey, and Billy Mulligan were found to have been in possession of sinecures of $250 per month and upwards. In one instance, $23,000 had been allowed for the copy of records which had never been completed, and were found full of errors. Every Sheriff had held possession of his office-papers and books, instead of passing them over to his successor. The County Recorder, Jim Grant, of New York—Bennett's barber—had charged $7,000 for making an index to the records, which it was his duty to do without extra pay, and which anybody else would have done for an eighth of the sum. The Coroner had charged the city $75 each for false inquests and burials, picking up the same man two or three al- the was lar om- the no eak up- k— re- an- ed. and ida- with fact udi- uld erly so- rful hen ent- ical , as the iple oth no re- apt and ess the so, s it. em ons ar- hed led h it uld ttee eat ety. the in l at ne- ent ave a in up- t of t in r of id a ses, t of cept ther ging ered mire ing,

open to the public by night and by day, till the result is declared, and ballot-boxes that cannot be stuffed, even transparent, if necessary, elevated in full view, and guarded by a citizen police, that all may vote, and see and record the votes of others. Then, with the aid of a Registry Law, we might utterly exterminate the banded body of traitors and villains who have so long robbed us of our birthright, and brought reproach upon the very names of liberty and republicanism."

CONGRESSIONAL PAY.

Congress has passed the bill altering the mode of paying the members from a daily compensation of eight dollars, to a yearly one of $3,000. It provides for deductions for such time as the members are absent during the sessions, and for such books (not printed by Congress) as they may vote themselves.

It is amusing to examine the vote in the House upon this new bill, which increases considerably the pay of the members. It stands as follows:—Republicans—Yeas, 46, Nays, 50: Democrats—Yeas, 32, Nays, 37: Americans—Yeas, 22, Nays 10. It will thus be noticed that a majority both of the Republicans and of the Democrats voted against the bill—and doubtless a majority of the Americans would have done the same thing, were it possible to have done so, and also carried the measure. Probably the understanding was that no political capital should be made out of the American vote by either of its adversaries—and it being the smaller party, it would not make much difference to it anyhow. Of course we do not say that the matter was all arranged beforehand—we only think that the character of the respective votes looks immensely like it.

As to the change itself, we for one have no objection to it. And if the members, now that they are to be well paid, will only agree to play fairly in future, and observe the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!" we shall be well pleased with the advance in their salaries.

It is the opinion of some discerning men, that one cause of the difficulty in obtaining the right kind of candidates for public office, is the fact that such cannot make nearly so much money *fairly* in political life, as they can in legal, commercial, editorial and other pursuits. To serve as Congressman, for instance, is to render the engaging in other business, almost an impossibility. If the increased salary of $3,000, with mileage, be therefore really calculated to procure the services of a better class of men than now generally offer themselves for Congress, we shall think the money not only well, but even economically laid out. Why the country would soon save the additional expense in the decreased number of pickings and stealings. Let us have a fair trial anyhow of the increased pay, and see how it works.

LAMARTINE.

A Paris correspondent of the London Critic makes the following statement:—

The Lamartine subscription goes on quietly; the appeal made to the public by his friends in his behalf having produced a list of *abonnes* to his *Cours familier de Litterature* which brought in somewhere about 400,000 francs (16,000*l.* sterling),—a very high figure indeed for France. It would, however, have risen much higher, but some *friendly* pen pointed out to the public that the distresses of the poet could not be so very pressing, seeing that, wholly independent of any private property he may possess, he is in the receipt of somewhere above three thousand a-year, English money—a very respectable fortune in any country, and in France sufficient to command every luxury. This handsome income is derived from the following sources:—On Lamartine's visit to the East the Sultan was so charmed with the account of his journey and his writings, parts of which were then translated to the young sovereign for the first time, that he bestowed upon the celebrated writer a very large tract of land, worth at the lowest computation, ten thousand pounds. It was subsequently explained to the royal donor that this princely gift was of little real value to a man living in France; upon which hint the generous Monarch exchanged it for a more tangible present of 26,000 francs ($5,000,) a-year; which has ever since been duly paid into Rothschild's to M. de Lamartine's account. Besides this, there are two journals which he started since the Revolution of 1848, to which he still lends the credit of his name, for which he receives 25,000 francs annually from each; making in all the handsome income above mentioned. When this came to be thought upon, and seeing that he was still in the possession and daily exercise of his popular and most profitable talents, and that these large earnings were backed by a ready-money income of £3,000 a-year, it does not seem wonderful that the people began to think the "distress" in such a case could not be so very urgent.

The above surely cannot be true. Who knows?

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—Congress adjourned on Monday last, after an exciting morning's session. Although the ante rooms were abundantly supplied with refreshments, there were none of those disgusting scenes enacted which have disgraced similar occasions for some years past.

All the Appropriation Bills were passed, with the exception of that for the Army, which appropriated about $14,000,000. This was lost between the two Houses. The Representatives insisting that their proviso forbidding the employment of troops to enforce the enactments of the disputed Kansas Legislature, should remain in the Bill, and the Senate insisting that it should not. There are rumors of an extra session, on account of the defeat of this Bill. On the Kansas amendments to the other appropriation bill, the two Houses compromised. For the particulars of the contest, the reader is referred to our Congressional columns.

The debates have proved that there is a very fair proportion of talent in the present Congress. Our own State probably has never been more ably represented than she is now in the House of Representatives.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN SAINT DOMINGO.—By late advices, it appears that there has been a movement in St. Domingo, the capital of the Dominican Republic—the Spanish portion of the Island—in favor of a reannexation to Spain. A late treaty with Spain favoring all descendants of Spaniards, and allowing them to become Spanish citizens, a large proportion of the people are inclined to hoist the Spanish flag, and become citizens in fact as well as in name. About 5,000 already had registered themselves at the Spanish Consul's, and many more were disposed to follow suit. Business was entirely suspended, and the President and his Cabinet were expected to resign.

We have heard a great deal of late about the desire of the Spanish portion of St. Domingo to ally itself to the United States—but this popular movement in favor of Spain does not look much like it. And if this is the feeling in St. Domingo, what probably is the real state of feeling in Cuba? But it is simply the old truth, that people will ever prefer those of their own blood, language, and religious and political views, to those who are aliens in all these respects.

PRIZE SHOWS.—It appears from a recent communication to the London *Gardener's Chronicle*, that as unfair means are sometimes resorted to in England, to obtain prizes at exhibitions, as in this country. The *Chronicle's* correspondent says:—

"Being a competitor, I have had ocular demonstration of the system. Suburban growers, not satisfied with imitating themselves into the graces of the committee, and procuring a class expressly to suit their convenience, further violate the rules by purchasing, borrowing, and hiring such plants as will obtain such and such prizes, so as to ensure a good return and profit: this must ultimately destroy the Society, whose prosperity is even now declining. Great Britain has no town more eligible for good shows, or where more liberal support would be afforded, than Cheltenham; but its reputation is so tarnished by the management to which it has been, and still is subjected, that it has become a by-word among those who would otherwise contribute largely towards its support."

SOUND SENTIMENTS.—In relation to the carrying of political prejudices into mercantile dealings, the *Washington Union* well says:—

"The great laws of trade cannot be changed, altered, or disturbed by rabid, reckless politicians. Philadelphia owes her commercial prosperity not to the political opinions of her merchants, but to the inducements which she has held out to buyers in the West and South. As long as those inducements continue, the tide of prosperous trade and commerce will continue to flow through her busy streets, &c.

HEALTH OF NEW YORK.—*While* the accounts from New York proper are favorable, not a single death from yellow fever being reported last week, the *Daily Times*, of Monday morning last, draws an alarming picture of Kings county. The *Times* says:

It would be folly longer to attempt to conceal the fact that the yellow fever has found a lodgment in Kings county. Call it bilious congestive fever, or any other name, or denying its existence in toto, does not change the nature of the disease, or render it less malignant. It were better that the full facts should officially be made known, and ways and means suggested and provided for its proper treatment, than that the whole community should be in a constant fear.

The yellow fever first made its appearance, unmistakably, some three weeks ago, in the southern portion of the county. Since that time not less than fifty persons have died of it in New Utrecht and vicinity alone. Many have fled panic-stricken, and there are not enough well persons left to take care of the sick, and nurses and attendants have been supplied from Brooklyn, through the agency of Mayor Hall, who has manfully battled this disease at every approach; and to him, doubtless, we owe it, that the disease has not spread farther than it has. For some days it was confined almost exclusively to the section of the county named; and to that portion of the Eighth Ward of Brooklyn adjoining New Utrecht and south of Twenty-seventh street, the new entrance on Third avenue to Greenwood Cemetery. The Mayor stationed a police force at this point to intercept any unnecessary travel through the infected district. Within a few days it has made its appearance at Yellow Hook, (8th Ward,) the point which makes out just below Gawanus Bay. A messenger came up yesterday for coffins, saying that four lay dead, and others would soon follow.

In the County Hospital, at Flatbush, there have been 12 cases—7 of which, up to Saturday night, had resulted fatally. These cases were mostly, we are informed, from Brooklyn. On Saturday it made its appearance at Red Hook Point—one death certain has occurred, and one other, that of a man at No. 8 Union street, near Hamilton avenue, will probably prove fatal. There has been one case in Front street, and two in Hudson avenue—all of these proved fatal. There are rumors of many more cases, and many deaths from other causes are no doubt ascribed to the prevailing epidemic; but we mention only those which we have from sources entitled to belief.

The Health Officer of Brooklyn, Dr. Wendell, has had only two deaths from this fever reported to him during the past week. In this connection we will mention a significant fact—that in one instance at least a physician has returned a death from yellow fever under another name, to avoid, as he said, undue excitement. It is impossible to tell how many more such erroneous returns have been made to keep down "undue excitement." The disease has made its appearance at Flatlands Neck, and there is one case reported at Greenfield.

In other respects the county never was more healthy than at the present time. Especially is this the case in Brooklyn city, where there were only 98 deaths during the week ending Saturday last, being two less than the week previous.

THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—Mr. James Gowen, of Mount Airy, President of the Penna. Agricultural Society, wishes us to state that he is not Mr. John McGowan, now acting as the Secretary of the United States Society, which is preparing for an exhibition at Powelton. Owing to the similarity of the names, Mr. James Gowen is often addressed by those who are really desirous of addressing Mr. John McGowan. Mr. James Gowen says:

"I deem it proper to state thus publicly to my friends in Pennsylvania on my individual account, as well as on account of my position as President of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, that I neither take part in nor sympathise with any efforts promotive of the show to come off in the name of agriculture, at Powelton."

LEAKY.—A number of the passengers of the Arabia, on her way from New York to Liverpool, left that steamship at Halifax on the 16th, owing to her leaking badly from injuries received by striking on some rocks.

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

No. 5.

The morning that we left Fort William Henry Hotel was delightfully cool, and with the mountain breezes blowing across the water, it grew actually cold—nothing short of winter furs would have fairly matched it. This was partly explainable by the fact that we were on very high ground—220 feet above Lake Champlain, and 300 above tide water.

The passage from end to end of Lake George, viewing on either side the near beauty of its rocky shores, and winding about among its lovely little islands, is a perpetual feast of the eye. The steamer John Jay then ploughed those crystal waters. Little did we think that its days were numbered—that shortly after our return we should read among the disasters which our papers so frequently chronicle, the destruction of the very boat whose deck we were treading that pleasant morning—burned to the water's edge, with a loss of fifteen lives. "Thank God that He spared us that scene of terror and tumult!" was the first involuntary thought; yet to our deliberate feelings, the time and manner of death matters little. To perish in a burning boat was the fate of the lamented Downing—beloved by numbers who never saw his face, for the spirit of beauty that informed his life, and through his eloquent pen kindled in a thousand hearts enthusiasm like his own. It would seem that he, of all men, should have taken his last look of earth, and his last breath of its air, in peace—among the trees and flowers and singing birds of his lovely home at Newburgh; yet it was not so ordered. The peace of his last hours was decreed to be conquered out of strife, and it was conquered; the inner quiet of his soul stood proof in that fiery trial. While action availed he was heroic and self-forgetful: and that time past, he stood among the distracted crowd with the steadfast eye of one to whom the thought of death was no new thing—the thought of the better life and the God into whose presence death would usher him, no unwelcome thing. Was such a transit from life to life so much to be deplored? As light is brightest shining from the midst of darkness, so was the fate he met more beautiful than the quiet exit one would naturally have chosen for him.

The John Jay landed us at the foot of the lake, where stages were waiting to convey us to Ticonderoga. This is nearly the Indian name of the place—Cheonderoga, an Iroquois word, signifying sounding waters, on account of the rushing waters of the outlet of Lake George at the Falls. Arrived at the level of Lake Champlain, it was summer again—quite another climate. There we dined, and strolling down to the shore, or lying on the new-mown hay under the trees, awaited the steamer that was to take us on our way. A group of young ladies and gentlemen, sitting picturesquely under the shadow of a rock, struck up with stirring effect the spirited drinking song, "*Vive la Compagnie.*"

Our passage through this lower portion of Lake Champlain was narrow and winding, and the banks occasionally very beautiful. The vegetation grows more luxuriant, indicating a richer soil.

Partly by steamboat and partly by railroad, we reached Albany that night, and took rooms at the Delavan House. This has lately been repaired at great expense, and with a good deal of style and splendor, which, however, is not borne out into details. The establishment and its management are incomplete in minor matters. Perhaps against another season the proprietor will succeed in fully carrying out the elegance he has begun.

The steamboat Armenia next morning conveyed us down the Hudson to Katskill landing. We were not previously aware that the mountain was so distant from the shore. There are nine miles of stage riding before the foot of the mountain is reached; but a ride of such exceeding beauty, in view of hills and valleys and clear flowing streams, the hills gradually rising to the grandeur of mountains, could hardly be tiresome. When the stage paused at the steep ascent some of our party alighted to walk the remaining three miles. Walking up a mountain side may sound formidable, but we can assure our lady readers that in this case at least it is by much less fatiguing than promenading the level of Chestnut street. The road is made in the best manner, and admirably kept—a perfect specimen of a road, and it is lined and frequently bowered over with beautiful trees, of such various kinds, and so picturesquely mingled, that you might fancy yourself walking in some stately and well-ordered park. The evergreens are peculiarly fine. Several things combined to charm away weariness—the pleasant shaded path, the consciousness so exhilarating to the spirit of mounting, still mounting toward the sky, and more than these the enchanting pictures revealed through openings in the woods, spreading out far and wide below you, so excitingly novel to one who has never ascended far above the common ground. But the best of all was the mountain air. At times a feeling of fatigue seemed stealing on, and then would come the cool breeze from over the heights, and a single deep inspiration was like a draught of some potent elixir sending fresh vitality through every vein.

The first view from the precipice in front of the Mountain House is so different from any thing the eyes have ever rested on before that it never can be forgotten. The outspread earth has a patchwork look, irregularly pieced of brown and green and yellow; or it may be compared to a parterre, some compartments thickly planted with boxbush, and a rivulet winding through, with little paper sail-boats shining in the sun; for so are dwarfed the great forest tracts and the lordly Hudson studded with stately ships. If the earth appear thus insignificant when we are elevated a little above its surface, how must it look to the eyes of superior spirits wholly removed from its sphere? The importance men attach to the trifles around them—appendages of their mortal state, how incomprehensible to the vision that is lifted above them! Here are the glorious goods of the spirit, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, the same on earth and in heaven, unchangeable and everlasting, and equally, nay *more*, as God is merciful—*more* attainable; yet men will turn away from the one to grasp the other. A man will sell his soul for yonder square piece of the earth's surface; a great estate, a noble mansion, perhaps, but how paltry it looks! It strikes us that Satan forgot his accustomed subtlety when he chose a mountain top for his temptation. The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them only bewitch the senses that are tangled in their turmoil. Up in this pure air, with this free wide range of vision, the things of God appear in their true light—irresistibly lovely and desirable.

Visitors at the Mountain House always go to see Kauterskill Falls. If they do not always, they should, for a more captivating piece of mountain scenery nowhere charms the tourist. The falls themselves are not much to be sure, the stream being small, but the depth of its fall is astounding, and the beauty of the ravine as you look down into it exceeds description. The descent is steep and rocky—the roughest clambering we had yet undertaken, but we made our way to the bottom, and then took a curving path that winds around behind the fall. Looking across from one side of this semicircle to the other, the group in advance looked like pigmies, not that the distance was so great, but the gigantic masses of rock that overhung and towered above our heads dwarfed the human beings creeping along under their shadow. At a suitable point of view we took seats, and looked upward. The slender stream of water, in falling such a height, is shimmered into white spray before it reaches the bottom. After climbing the side of that ravine, we were in a condition to appreciate fully the draught of cold water that was offered us—the very best water we ever had the luxury of tasting. We are as nice a connoisseur of water as some are of wine, and we should remember Kauterskill Falls, if for nothing else that there we tasted it in its highest perfection, icy cold and deliciously pure, fresh from the unsunned caverns where gush the mountain springs.

Returning along the wild and picturesquely beautiful mountain-road, we thought of the march of improvement in modern times, when even on the top of Catskill, you are not out of the pale of city comforts. A few years ago visitors were taken to this out of the way place in an old wagon; now we stepped into a smart omnibus with red velvet cushions, drawn by four handsome greys.

Life in Paris.

LOYALTY IN FULL BLOSSOM — PENSIONS GOING A-BEGGING—A FESTIVAL AT THE GOLDEN HORN—IMPERIAL RUSTICATIONS—AMERICAN PRINCES—SPEAKING A MARCH ON THE FISHES—GOOD NEWS FOR HORACE GREELEY.

PARIS, July 31, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Somebody who visited Brussels during the festival just held in that enthusiastically loyal city in honor of the 25th anniversary of the ascension of its sovereign, has been collecting the patriotic medallions struck off by its more unsophisticated citizens on that occasion, and has sent a quantity of the mottoes thus obtained to the *Revue de Namur*, with an assurance of their being genuine. Among them are the following, which I translate for the delectation of your readers:

"My gratitude to mark, this offering I bring;
For five-and-twenty years head-tinker to the King."

"The Frenchmen they have took Sebastopol;
The Belgians they've preserved King Leopold."

"Since five-and-twenty years, at peace with all the world,
The Belgians ne'er have seen War's dreadful thunders hurled."

"A twenty-five years' reign, peaceful, and well-advised,
Is not, oh, Belgians, a thing to be despised."

One more I must add, a jewel of eloquence, altogether so brilliant to be lost—or translated:

Vive le Roi,
Gardien de nos lois;
Vive le duc de Brabant,
Qu'est un bon enfant!
Vive Monsieur son frere,
Aussi bon que son pere;
Vive notre Duchesse,
Aussi notre Princesse!

The Senate has just approved the bill granting the pension of forty thousand dollars a-year (alluded to in a former letter) to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and the heirs of the Duchess of Wurtemberg and Queen of the Belgians; the Legislative Body will no doubt pass this bill, but it is thought that the refusal to accept these pensions will be persevered in by the Orleans family.

The Sultan has inaugurated his splendid new palace of Dolma-Bagtche by a grand entertainment given in honor of the peace. This event, unprecedented in the annals of the Porte, took place on the 15th inst. in the magnificent Throne-room, resplendent with gold, the most precious marbles, and a profusion of lights; the central lustre, of remarkable beauty, attracting general admiration. This vast saloon is surmounted by a lofty cupola, painted in the most brilliant colors, and divided into twelve arches supported by white fluted pillars, enriched with delicate lines of gold.

The banquetting table displayed 130 covers, and was laden with lustres, vases of flowers, and a centre-piece of Oriental magnificence. The wonderful lustre, with its three compartments of lights, one above another, was hung by a bunch of golden chains from the centre of the cupola. At the foot of the columns of each arch was placed a rich sideboard, with three shelves, covered with white stuff, ornamented with bands of red velvet. Under each arch stood a soldier in full uniform of crimson and gold, holding a halberd.

The guests, including the *elite* of the French and English officers and diplomatists, arrived at the palace about six o'clock, some in the steamer and row-boats, others in carriages and on horseback, and were conducted by the officers of the Imperial household into a magnificent waiting-room, where the Ottoman ministers, and the grand functionaries of the government were awaiting them, in full dress.

The Sultan, who is not allowed to eat with any other human being, and could not therefore dine with his guests, lost no time in making his appearance in this room. His Imperial Majesty spoke with many of his visitors, with his usual affability, testifying the satisfaction he felt in welcoming the representatives of his allies. He presented a medal of gold, set with diamonds, to Marshal Pelissier; and a similar one to the British Ambassador, for Sir William Codrington, who had not arrived from the Crimea.

The grand stair-case was lined with two rows of halberdiers, and the Imperial band, directed by its chief, M. Gastelli, played the hymn to the Sultan, and the national airs of France and England, followed by *morceaux* from the principal European composers, during the dinner to which the hundred and thirty guests sat down at seven o'clock. Aali-Pacha, grand vizier, occupied the place of honor, having Lord Strafford de Redcliffe on his right, and Marshal Pelissier on his left; opposite him was Mehemet-Ali, Minister of Marine, having on his right M. de Shouvenel, and on his left, Gen. Garnett. These delicate points of precedence being thus happily adjusted, the rest of the guests were placed in the order of their rank. The dinner, judging by the list of the dishes, seems to have been a triumphant achievement of French cookery such as Paris itself would not have disdained; and appears to have been duly appreciated by the guests, who remained three hours at table. The profusion of gorgeous gold and silver plate, and of the richest cut glass, with the order and perfection of the waiting, are also the subjects of admiring remark on the part of the Constantinopolitan journals. It had been hoped that this dinner would be followed by a ball; but, to the disappointment of the Western ladies now in Constantinople, no such infraction of Mussulman etiquette has taken place.

Plombieres has just given the Emperor a ball. Louis Napoleon, who is causing all sorts of "improvements" to be made there, throwing up esplanades, opening new roads, building a new bathing establishment, and beautifying the old ones, all at his own expense, to say nothing of a fine new church to be built, partly at his expense, and partly at that of the town, is naturally the object of a vast amount of official and local flattery. At the ball in question, he danced with three of the prettiest women present, and waltzed with the fourth, probably the prettiest of them all, his Imperial Majesty being an acknowledged *connoisseur* in the matter of female beauty. All this activity would hardly seem consistent with the rumors of mental derangement alluded to in my last; but the rumors in question are none the less rife in Paris.

Prince Napoleon is still pursuing his arctic voyage; he will hardly be over-gratified by the decision lately come to by the French legists, who have decided that Prince Jerome's marriage with your countrywoman, Miss Paterson, is valid, thus legitimating the children born of that union, the eldest son taking precedence of his travelling Highness.

M. Jobard, the brilliant and witty *serant* of Brussels, inventor of the telescopic spectacles, the capital little lamp which bears his name, and a vast number of objects of practical economy of different kinds, has been criticising the pettiness of the scale on which the fishers of salmon, and other species generally taken at night, are wont to proceed, and proposes the following method of taking by wholesale the finny tribes of the deep. Three or four fishing-smacks proceed together to the part of the sea or river fixed on for the operation, and there, in concert, let down a vast, strong net, attached by cords to the boats. When the net is well in place, on the bed of the sea, a great glass globe, containing the requisite electrical apparatus for the production of a brilliant light, is let down in the middle of the net. The charcoal conductors in the globe, communicating with a voltaic pile in the boat, by means of copper wires covered with gutta-percha, and passing into the globe through holes pierced in its substance, produce an immense illumination, which will be visible under water for about three-quarters of a mile, and will attract the fish in every direction. The fishermen, who see all that goes on in the net, haul it up in concert when they judge it to be sufficiently full; the boats approach to receive the charge, and find themselves to have taken more fish in an hour than they could have taken, by the usual methods, in a month. M. Jobard advises the packing of the fish thus taken, in casks of raw sugar, or molasses, which have the property of preserving fish or meat for several days. These casks would be sent off in every direction to the large towns as soon as filled; the fish being taken out, they would then be sent back, (the sugar being left in,) refilled by the fishermen, and again transported to the various markets as before. The same sugar and molasses would serve until it became wasted, or melted by the moisture of the fish.

The same adept in Practical Philosophy is naturally much interested in the exhibition of articles of domestic economy, about to be opened in that city; and has just published, in connexion with this undertaking, a recipe for changing old hats into new ones.

"In all that concerns the toilette," says the lively Professor, "*seeming* is *being*; and an old hat that always looks new, is really, to all intents and purposes, a new one. We have already informed our fellow-men how, by the mere suppression of the brush, a coat may be made to preserve its nap twice the usual time; by means of the recipe we now offer to the public, we shall show how a hat may be made to outlast the ordinary duration of three hats: Take a small portion of gum adragant, let it soak in a little water for twenty-four hours, and then, with a bit of rag, or the end of the finger, smear it smoothly over the surface of the hat; next, wipe the surface thoroughly dry with a soft napkin, in the direction of the nap, and it will be found to be perfectly smooth and brilliant, as a crow's wing. The oldest of old hats, no matter how brown and bare, will come out bran-new from the operation; dust will not lie upon it, nor will rain affect its perfect composure. An occasional wipe with a sponge, wet or dry, will suffice to keep the rejuvenated article at the point of perfection. The beaver is in nowise injured by the application; and if it be desired to roughen the hat, it is only necessary to rub the nap backwards. The quantity of gum employed is so small that, when dry, it is scarcely to be detected on the most careful examination; and a single application lasts indefinitely. That interesting class of the community which deals in cast-off clothing will no doubt owe us a life-long grudge, as do the brushmakers already; but the Belgian nation, society, and humanity in general, without distinction of castes or of creeds, will vote us a statue of gum adragant, surmounted by a handsome new beaver, for having ventured to essay upon our own this brilliant method, which we hereby certify to be infallible."

QUANTUM.

THE TARIFF.—The elaborate report of the Committee of Ways and Means, made to the House by Mr. Campbell of Ohio, in relation to the Tariff and Finances, is accompanied by a bill increasing the list of articles to be admitted free of duty, which embraces those which enter into American manufactures and are not produced in this country. Among other articles it includes wool costing less than fifteen and over fifty cents per pound, at the port where imported. The intermediate grades are to remain subject to the present tariff. The bill proposed will reduce the annual revenue about $6,000,000.

The minority of the Committee intend presenting a counter report, which will not, probably, be prepared during the present session. It is in contemplation to print 50,000 copies of the reports.

IMPORTATION OF LIVE STOCK.—An American gentleman, who has for a year past been travelling in Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor, has reached England upon his return to the United States, having with him a male and female dromedary, and four thorough-bred Arabian horses, which he is bringing home as breeding stock. The horses are described as most perfect specimens of their kind in point of beauty of form and action.

AN EXTRA SESSION.

President Pierce has issued the following

PROCLAMATION:

Whereas, While hostilities exist with various Indi. tribes on the remote frontiers of the United States, and whi in other respects the public peace is seriously threatene Congress has adjourned without granting the necessary su plies for the army, depriving the Executive of the power perform his duty in relation to the common defence and country; and an extraordinary occasion has thus arisen assembling the two Houses of Congress, I do therefore, this, my proclamation, convene said Houses to meet at Capitol, in the City of Washington, on Thursday, the 2 day of August, instant, hereby requesting the respective S nators and Representatives then and there assembled, to co sult and deliberate on such measures as the state of the Un may seem to require.

In testimony whereof, I have caused the seal of the Unit States to be hereunto affixed, and signed the same with m hand.

Done at the City of Washington, the eighteenth day August, in the year of our Lord one thousa [L. s.] eight hundred and fifty-six, and of the Indepe dence of the United States the eighty-first.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

By order, WM. L. MARCY, Secretary of State.

LATER FROM KANSAS.—THE WAR RENEWED.—CONTEMPLATED INVASION OF MISSOURIANS.—Advices both from St. Lou and Chicago agree that Brown's company of Free State m had attacked Franklin. Six persons are reported killed, a Col. Treadway's company taken prisoner. The St. Louis counts say there were two hundred Free State men again only twenty Pro-Slavery men. And that six of the form and four of the latter were killed. A cannon was carried o which the Free State men claim as part of the property stole at Lawrence. They also claim that they obtained fifty sta of arms belonging to them. And that the attack was made regain their arms for purposes of self-defence.

Accounts from Chicago, dated Aug. 19, represent that t Missourians are preparing an armed force of 2,000 to agai invade the Territory. It is said that the Missourians ha already erected twelve block houses—and that they intend to march immediately upon the adjournment of Congre The excitement is very great. The arrival of the emigra party, under Gen. Lane, at Topeka, is said to be confirmed.

NEWS ITEMS.

NEW KIND OF BREAD.—At a late meeting of agr culturists, at Tiptree Hall, England, a quantity bread was handed round which was made of whea flour and Mangel Wurzel, mixed in equal propor tions. The bread is spoken of as a very palatabl article of its kind, while it has the great merit being less expensive by half than the ordinary bread and quite as nutritious.

A MERITED SENTENCE.—In the Maine Supreme Court, on Tuesday week, Michael Dunrow, convicted of placing obstructions on a railroad, was sentenced to thirty days' solitary and twenty years in the State prison. This is a just sentence, and it is to be hoped the courts throughout the country will visit with equally severe punishment every one convicted of coolly sparring with human life by scores, by placing obstructions on railroads.

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY."—The Paris correspondent of the Brussels Independent writes—"To day, two workmen guilty of having utterec some remarks, in a workshop, injurious to the person of the Emperor, have been sentenced to five years' imprisonment and ten years' surveillance."

MORTALITY AMONG HOGS.—The farmers on the Big Miami, from New Baltimore to Venice, Ohio, are losing large numbers of hogs by a severe epidemic. The Cincinnati (Ohio) Gazette says:—"The farmers call the disease cholera; the spasms and other symptoms exhibit similar evidences of congestion to those manifested by human beings seized with that fatal disorder. A. C. H. Cone, Esq., has lost 300 hogs, and L. B. Clarkson, Esq., over 200; neighboring farmers have lost in proportion. These were lively, healthy hogs, not still fed. A panic prevails among the hog-feeders of the above district, and they are selling off as fast as they can."

GAS WATER ON WHEAT.—Mr. C. Branch, of Sandal, near Doncaster, England, has now growing on his farm a large breadth of wheat, which has been irrigated with gas water with the most satisfactory result. The farmers in the neighborhood say that the effect is surprisingly good.

The Cheltenham (England) Chronicle states that there are unmistakable signs of the reappearance of the potato disease in that neighborhood. In some of the market gardeners' grounds it has appeared in a very virulent form.

HANDSOME PROFITS.—The New York Mirror says:—"It is stated that the New Orleans Picayune divided $90,000 profits last year, or $18,000 each to the five proprietors." It does not say where it got the information.

The Piedmont (Va.) Whig says, "Since the 20th of December, seventeen negroes have left the neighborhood of Middleburg, and not more than half have ever been *heard from*."

The trial of the women engaged in mobbing grog shops in Salem, Ind., took place in the Common Pleas Court, last week. Most of them were fined, while others, not able to pay the fine, were permitted to depart, with an admonition to go and never be guilty of such conduct again.

Advices from Egypt state that the electric telegraph in the desert between Cairo and Suez, has been completed, and it is to be hoped that no untoward delay will arise in the construction of the railway across the desert. This year's crops have proved abundant throughout Egypt, and, as the Nile is rapidly rising, the produce is being brought down to Alexandria for shipment in large quantities.

The following recipe is said, by the N. Y. Chronicle, to be a sure and easy cure for corns: Tie a piece of raw cotton to the corn, and wet it several times a day with spirits of turpentine; this will, in three days, cure the corn without the least apparent pain.

The Missourians who have blockaded the Missouri thoroughfare to Kansas, are beginning to find that they have declared war not only against the Free State emigrants, but also against their own bread and butter. The St. Louis Republican, their own organ, thus confesses the effects of the blockade: "The river continues full of boats, but they are compelled to lie in port a long time before getting freight enough to go out with. The Martha Jewett, Herald, Genoa, and Emma, lay at the wharf all of last week, and went out on Saturday not half loaded, and not more than twenty to thirty passengers left on all put together. Some half doze Missouri river boats have laid up, but there are now running double the number required to do the business."

SAUSAGE SKINS FOR EXPORTATION.—There is firm in Cincinnati, Ohio, which employs a capital of $10,000 in the rather singular business of preparing sausage skins for European markets.

Thirty-one sheep, the property of Chas. Duncan, of Fauquier county, Va., were killed last week one flash of lightning.

In the Hustings Court at Richmond, Va., on Tuesday week, a New York free negro calling himself Mundy, formerly employed on the schooner "Danville," as cook, was tried for aiding the escape of a slave, the property of Mr. Wm. H. Macfarland, found guilty, and sentenced to the penitentiary for 10 years, that being the extent of punishment allowed by law.

An international fair is in contemplation in Buffalo, New York, to be held early in September. "It is proposed," says the Republic, "to offer prizes to the amount of between $15,000 and $20,000, for which all the citizens of the United States and Canada will be allowed to compete, in all the varied and extensive departments of agricultural and mechanical industry."

CIRCULATING ABOLITION DOCUMENTS.—John Duberry has been arrested at Columbus, Miss., charged with circulating the speeches of Senators Sumner and Seward among slaves. The punishment, on conviction, is ten years in the penitentiary.

The Western (Va.) Herald says, "Brookeville is the name of the county seat of the new county of Calhoun, called so in honor of Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina. It is situated on the waters of the Little Kanawha, and is said to be a beautiful situation."

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—A remarkable phenomenon, says an exchange, exists among the women of Chenandega, Nicaragua. Almost every fifth one you meet has a large wen which protrudes out from the forepart of the neck, directly under the chin. The wen itself is not painful, though it presents a most unseemly sight to the eye, and suggests a variety of reflections as to the cause which has produced a disfiguration of the human form. The women it as a yoke, and regard it as an infliction of P dence for their transgressions. Medical gen are unable to account for this singular freak ture, and assign many grave and plausible for this peculiar ground-like formation in that loca ty. It is not common to any other portion of the country.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH RIFLES.—A shooting recently came off near Paris, between Capt. We ton Guernsey, late returned from Turkey, and Arnaud, for a purse of five hundred francs, to cided by the shooting of twenty-five pigeons, single bullets, at a distance of one hundred and yards. Lieut. Arnaud used one of Minie's imp rifles, and killed eighteen birds out of the twenty five; Captain Guernsey used one of the E military rifles, which are now used in the army, and killed twenty-four out of twenty only missing the last shot.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths ring the past week in this city was 354—Adults and children 237.

Letter from England.

ITE AT TIPTREE HALL—A MODEL FARM—ECONOMY OF SCIENCE—THE THAMES AND ITS DIFFICULTIES—LONDON CORPORATIONS—A NEW FACE FOR AN OLD FRIEND.

LONDON, August 1st, 1856.

Close upon the Chelmsford Agricultural Meeting, which an account was given in our last letter, followed the annual "gathering" at the model farm of Tiptree Hall, in the same neighborhood, which has assumed quite an important position in the English ricultural calender, as a yearly meeting of undoubted interest, where numbers of eminent practil agriculturists, with others engaged in different ursuits, but not the less concerned, meet to learn w lessons, and to witness new and ingenious proesses applied to the cultivation of the soil. The hisry of Tiptree Hall and its enterprising proprietor, an interesting instance of what may be achieved by dividual intelligence and perseverance.

Mr. Mechi, the "model farmer," the "hero of iptree Hall," is an active and successful London siness man, as well as one of the pioneers, at first much ridiculed, in the attempts to apply scientific owledge to practical farming; some twelve years go; having accumulated a considerable property in ade, he purchased about one hundred and seventy res of land in the most unpromising part of the unty of Essex, and undertook by a liberal outlay capital, and by scientific farming, to redeem the parently hopeless soil, which he himself describes a "two-thirds tenacious hide-bound clay resemng bird lime in winter, and cast-iron in summer, d the remaining third gravel sand and clay alterng, a soil which would produce no crops, and the ass grown on which was so poor that cattle would t eat it." There are millions of acres of such land England; and his object was to prove that the resources of scientific agriculture are sufficient profitly to redeem this land from its apparently hopeless erility. For some time it was very much the shion among the old agricultural authorities, and nong people in general, to laugh at Mr. Mechi as a dilettante farmer," an agricultural enthusiast, but s steadily increasing success of his farm has finally nverted the laugh into genuine admiration. At the gathering" on July 19th, between five and six hunred people, including the most distinguished English d foreign agriculturists from the Chelmsford meetg were present, and accompanied Mr. Mechi over e farm, examining the improvements, &c., of the ear. Of one hundred and seventy acres from fifty seventy are annually planted with wheat, and for e last three years the yield has averaged from five six quarters (46 to 56 bushels) per acre. His elds of grass this year, after being fed off five times, ave yielded an excellent crop of hay. From the roduce of the farm, besides the grain crops, he anually fattens four hundred sheep, and thirty bullocks, besides feeding the horses and cattle of the arm. The brilliant results of his experiment have en yearly verified by the most eminent agriculturists, as it has been Mr. Mechi's custom every year o invite all interested, upon a given day, to visit his lace, when he accompanies his guests round the arm, and explains as he goes the whole system of raining, ploughing, subsoiling, manuring, &c., which s has followed—exhibits his machines, cattle, farm uildings—points out all new improvements, and ives a complete report of the expenses, the results, nd everything of interest connected with his experiments, the results of which have gradually acquired or him the position he now holds as one of the eaders in the system of modern scientific agriculture, which is so rapidly revolutionising the whole condiion of farming in England.

In the course of the progress of his guests round he farm, Mr. Mechi pointed out a magnificent crop of warded wheat nearly six feet high, the land for which had manured with two hundred weight of guano, and wo hundred weight of sulphate of ammonia, in the spring, and remarked that every £2 spent in manure ad yielded him £4 in wheat. He also called attenion to a new species of manure which he had successfully employed this year, which was prepared by chemist, Dr. Ritterbandt, from the common clinker f large steam furnaces, and which, submitted to hemical processes, yielded large quantities of potash, valuable as manure. The excellence of his arangements for irrigation with liquid manure, excited uch interest. All the manure and refuse of the rm being collected in reservoirs, mixed with water, nd conveyed in a liquid condition to the fields by nderground pipes, and afterward distributed from e main pipes by gutta percha tubes. This plan of mploying manure in a liquid condition, has been ighly approved by English agriculturists, and in the ew system of London drainage which is now under discussion, it is proposed to collect the drainage of e city in tanks, and utilize it in this manner to advantage of the surrounding counties, instead of discharging it, as at present, into the hames. The purification of this "time honored" ver is one of the great local improvements now der consideration, most earnestly demanded by people, headed by their great leader in grumng, the Times. It is long since the river has en the boast of the Londoners, and though the ats are past when it was the favorite highway of e Court and citizens, when the beauty of their ats and yachts was an object of contention among young "swells," as their "turn-outs" in the rk are now, when palaces and gardens adorned banks in the city, and its clear waters were the erite scene of gay festivals and torchlight procions, its bridges, its crowds of shipping, and immense public utility have always made it the pride London.

During the last summer, the attention of the ublic has been called to the fact that their reat river is rapidly becoming nothing more than a ast sewer, the filthy condition and noisome exhalaions from which were a fruitful source of pestilence in the very heart of the immense community collected upon its banks. Notice was first called to the fact by Prof. Faraday, who, in a letter to the Times, stated that the water, naturally perfectly clear, is so foul, that a white card being dipped into the part below the water is perfectly invisible; but during the summer the exhalations are perceptibly offensive to those traversing it, and this condiion is the result of the fact that the sewerage of London, discharged into it, is constantly carried backward and forward by the tide, and never escapes from the current of the river. Since the principal supply of water for London comes from the Thames, these statements verified by farther observation, roused a universal demand for immediate measures to remedy such a state of things. The people called on the Corporation, the Corporation called on their bodies, they all called upon Parliament, and after infinite discussion, in the first place to who could and who could not interfere, then to the endless "vested interests" which had to consulted, (a year having now elapsed,) matters have been so far brought to a point, that the "Metropolitan Board of Works for Drainage and General Improvements" has been established by special act Parliament, to carry out this and similar improvements, the difficulty in remedying this and many London nuisances arising from the fact that not in London, as in most great cities, one municipal government, with power to carry measures relating to city government, but a number of local authorities, as the Corporation of the City of London, whose authority stops at the old city limits, and an army of parish municipal authorities, all exercising authorities over limited districts; London is in fact being not one town, but an agglomeration of towns and villages, that have all grown together, and whose local authorities and privileges prevent from being fused into one central city government. The external appearance of the different parts of London indicates clearly the manner in which the city has grown up. The different quarters have entirely different characters, there being much less uniformity in the plan and style of building than in Paris, or the most great towns; it looks, indeed, like what it is, a mass of towns thrown into one. The establishment of a really Metropolitan Board, with authority to carry out sanitary measures in the interest of the whole community, will have an important influence, and do much toward promoting the health and beauty of this enormous and ever-growing city. Something has already been said of the manner in which it is proposed to dispose of the sewerage of the metropolis; the details of the work are not yet decided upon, but the complete drainage of the city, and the purification of the river, will certainly be carried out. It is proposed also to carry out an embankment into the river sufficiently far beyond the houses which at present line the banks, so as to form a terrace all along the river, and give to London the same broad promenade beside the water that Paris possesses, and thus restore the once beautiful Thames to its old position of an ornament to the city, and a favorite resort of the citizens.

CONGRESS.

In the SENATE, on the 11th, Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, called up his resolution, calling on the President for the vouchers on which Mr. Fremont's accounts as an officer of the Government in California were settled, and inquiring whether there are any papers in the Department charging him with malfeasance in office.

Mr. Weller hoped the Pacific Railroad Bill would be considered. Mr. Hunter urged the importance of first considering the Appropriation Bills.

Mr. Seward said he always voted for such resolutions of inquiry. The truth could do no harm to anybody.

Mr. Hale was glad the resolution had been introduced. It was rather tame work to make speeches for a candidate against whom no charges could be made. The only thing he had heard before was that Fremont once cut dog-meat. The reply to that was that the people intended to give him something better to eat.

The vote having been called on Mr Bigler's motion, Mr. Adams said he was sent here to pass laws for the public interest, and not to discuss the merits of the various Presidential candidates. He therefore voted "No."

The resolution was taken up—yeas 20, nays 14.

Mr. Wilson said he regarded all propositions of this character, whether made by one political party or another, as small business. The accounts of Col. Fremont for money placed in his hands by the Government, had been settled. A report had been made by Elisha Whittlesey, covering hundreds of claims under the various laws of Congress for unsettled balances of public money; in this report were to be found the names of Worth, Gaines, Harney, and some of the noblest and best men of the Republic, but Fremont's name was not there. The resolution was an attempt to blast Col. Fremont's reputation and character. It appeared to be a blow from Mr Buchanan at his rival, given through his spokesman on this floor. It would, however, do no harm.

Mr. Bigler denied that Mr. Buchanan was in any way responsible for his action on this floor. He had not been consulted in this matter. These charges against Col. Fremont in regard to financial matters had been extensively circulated, and it was due to him that they should be refuted from official sources, if it could be done. He had anticipated no opposition to such a resolution from the friends of that gentleman.

Mr. Wilson replied that Col. Fremont's friends were abundantly able to take care of his reputation.

Mr. Trumbull said, that if there was to be a general overhauling of accounts, it might be as well to serve all the Presidential candidates alike. He, therefore, moved to amend the resolution by adding a clause, that the President be requested to cause to be communicated to the Senate at the same time, similar information with regard to all the transactions of Mr. Buchanan, as an officer of the Government, and particularly showing how much money had been paid him since he entered the public service, and, also, to communicate all correspondence of Mr. Buchanan with the Government, especially that relative to the Ostend Conference, and the reasons why he was removed from his position as minister to the Court of St. James, and if removed at his own request, the reasons given for asking to return, if any.

Mr. Douglas thought Mr. Trumbull ought also to include inquiries in relation to Mr. Fillmore.

Mr. Trumbull said that was not of so much importance, but he had no objection.

Messrs. Wilson and Seward urged the propriety of offering the amendment as a distinct proposition.

The amendment was rejected and the resolution adopted.

Mr. Weller moved to take up the Pacific Railroad Bill, but the motion was disagreed to. He said he had yielded to the River and Harbor Bills, and now the friends of those measures failed to assist him in considering that bill.

Mr. Seward remarked that he was always willing.

Mr. Weller did Mr. Seward the justice to say that there was not in the Senate a member who had rendered more uniform or efficient service in behalf, not only of the Pacific Railroad Bill, but for all measures for the benefit of California, than the Senator from New York.

The Senate struck out from the House bill making appropriations for the Executive, Judicial and Legislative expenses, the provision relative to Kansas, by a vote of yeas 30, nays 12.

The Senate also struck out the appropriation of $188,000 for books voted to members of the House of Representatives. Adjourned.

On the 12th, Mr. Hunter asked that the question might now be taken on the passage of the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Trumbull said he could not vote for it, because the Senate had stricken out the clause providing that no part of the money to be appropriated shall be expended for prosecuting or detaining the persons charged with treason or other political offences in Kansas.

Mr. Bayard, thinking that a good reason for voting for the bill, said he should do so.

Mr. Hale said he should vote against all supplies for the Government, as long as they were coupled with appropriations to pay the members of the usurping Kansas Legislature.

The bill then passed—yeas 35, nays 12.

The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up. Mr. Bunker moved to lay the bill on the table, on a test vote, which was agreed to—yeas 25, nays 23, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Bayard, Bell, of N. H., Benjamin, Bigler, Bright, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Clay, Douglas, Fessenden, Fitzpatrick, Hale, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Reid, Slidell, Thompson, of Ky., Thompson, of N. J., Toombs, and Yulee—23.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Allen, Bell, of Tenn., Bigler, Chase, Collamer, Dodge, Durkee, Foot, Foster, Geyer, Harlan, James, Jones, of Ohio, Jones, of Tenn., Pratt, Sebastian, Seward, Stuart, Trumbull, Wade, Weller, and Wright—21.

The Navy Appropriation Bill was then taken up and passed. Adjourned.

On the 13th, a message was received from the President, in answer to the resolution calling for information relative to the protocol of the Peace Congress, in regard to privateering.

The Senate then took up the bill regulating the compensation of members of Congress, and after a long discussion, passed it—yeas 35, nays 11.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 14th, Mr. Pearce introduced a joint resolution, which was passed, accepting the portrait of John Hampden, presented to the United States by J. McGregory, Secretary of the Board of Trade of England, and directing that the same be properly framed and placed in the Executive Mansion.—The portrait was painted by Vandyke for Sir Peter Lely.

The Senate then took up the bill for continuing the improvement of the Des Moines Rapids, with the President's objections thereto, but failed to pass it, over the veto, two-thirds not voting in the affirmative.

The vote stood—yeas 22, nays 17, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Bayard, Bell of New Hampshire, Bell of Tennessee, Benjamin, Butler, Case, Clayton, Collamer, Crittenden, Dodge, Douglas, Durkee, Fessenden, Fish, Foot, Foster, Geyer, Hale, Harlan, James, Jones of Iowa, Jones of Tennessee, Pratt, Pugh, Seward, Stuart, Thompson of New Jersey, Trumbull, Wade, Weller, Wilson and Wright—32.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Bigler, Bright, Brodhead, Brown, Butler, Clay, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Houston, Hunter, Iverson, Mallory, Mason, Reid, Toombs and Yulee—17.

On the 16th, the Senate took up and passed the bill from the House, to reimburse the State of Vermont for expenses incurred in 1838-39, by the payment of the militia, in the preservation of the Neutrality Laws.

Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to secure to actual settlers the benefit resulting from grants of lands for railroad purposes, reserving to them the alternate sections at $1.50 per acre.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Civil Appropriation Bill.

The Senate added an amendment appropriating $7.30,000 for the Capitol extension, and $300,000 for the continuation of the Washington Aqueduct.

Mr. Bayard's amendment, appropriating $300,000 for the continuation of the dome of the Capitol, was discussed and adopted.

Mr. James moved an amendment, which was adopted, providing for the appointment of two principal and two assistant examiners of the Patent office.

The bill was then laid aside, and the Senate took up the substitute adopted by the House for the Senate bill, fixing the compensation of members of Congress.

Several members declared the substitute to be a direct proposition to put two or three thousand dollars into their pockets for past services, while others alleged that the present compensation did not enable them to pay the reasonable expenses of gentlemen. The substitute was finally adopted—yeas 27, nays 12.

The consideration of the Civil Appropriation Bill was then resumed, and an appropriation of nearly a million of dollars was made to meet the requirements of the bill increasing the compensation of members.

On the 15th, the Senate took up and passed the joint resolution from the House, extending, for two months the time allowed to the creditors of Texas, during which they may present their claims at the Treasury.

The Senate passed the House bill making appropriations for the light house establishment, and also the bill for running the southern boundary of Kansas.

The Senate then took up for consideration the Post Office Appropriation bill.

Mr. Weller submitted an amendment providing for the establishment of a semi-monthly overland mail to San Francisco from some point on the Mississippi river, at a cost not exceeding half a million per annum.

Mr. Iverson said that if California was going to cost the country so much, it would be as well to let that portion of the Union slide.

Mr. Weller replied that unless she had equal rights with the other States she will be compelled to slide.

After some further debate, the amendment was adopted, and the bill passed.

The fortification bill was passed, and also the House bill regulating the diplomatic and consular systems of the United States.

The bill for the improvement of the Des Moines Rapids in the Mississippi river, which failed to pass over the President's veto, was taken up again on a motion to reconsider, and finally passed, receiving more than a two-third vote.

The bill for the improvement of the Patapsco river, which had also been defeated in the attempt to pass it over the veto, was also reconsidered, and passed by a constitutional majority.

At 11 o'clock, Mr. Hunter, from the Committee of Conference, reported that the two committees were unable to agree on the legislative, judicial, and executive appropriation bill, and hoped that the Senate would recede from all its amendments, excepting those in reference to Kansas, and striking out the appropriation for the books to members of Congress.

After voting that it would not recede on the Kansas question, at 3 o'clock, A. M. the Senate receded from its amendment, striking out from the legislative, judicial, and executive bill the appropriation of $30,000 for the Kansas Legislature, and the bill was then passed. Adjourned at half-past 4 o'clock Sunday morning, to meet at 9 o'clock on Monday morning.

On the 18th, the Chair submitted a message from the President in answer to the resolution calling for the accounts and vouchers of Col. Fremont for his receipts and disbursements while acting as an officer of the Government.

Mr. Toombs, from the Conference Committee on the Army Bill, reported their inability to agree with the House Committee, and moved that the Senate adhere to its disagreement and notify the House thereof. He thought there was no prospect of an agreement, and was willing to let the consequences rest where they belong.

The word "adhere" was altered to insist, and the motion agreed to, yeas 30, nays 12.

A motion to extend the session till 2 o'clock was agreed to, only 7 voting in the negative. Adjourned.

On the 11th, the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES passed, without debate, the bill making appropriations for the support of the Post Office Department.

On motion of Mr. Campbell, the bill making appropriations for the Legislative, Executive and Judiciary, as returned by the Senate, without Mr. Sherman's amendment, was taken up. He simply asked that the Clerk should read a clause from the Constitution.

"A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Mr. Campbell said, in continuation, that, having sworn to support the Constitution, he should vote against retaining Mr. Sherman's proviso.

Mr. Pennington suggested a substitute to avoid all constitutional scruples, namely: That no part of the military force for the support of which appropriation are made by this Act, shall be employed in the aid of enforcement of any enactment made by the body claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, until such enactment shall have been affirmed by Congress; but this proviso shall not be so construed as to prevent the President from employing an adequate military force; but it shall be his duty to employ such force to prevent the invasion of the Territory by armed bands of non-residents, or any other body of non residents acting as a posse comitatus of any officer in the Territory in the enforcement of any such enactment, and to protect persons and property therein, and upon the national highways leading to the Territory, from all unlawful searches and seizures; and it shall be his further duty to take efficient measures to compel the return of, and to withhold all arms of the United States, distributed to said Territory in pursuance of law.

Mr Campbell, of Ohio, said that as Mr. Pennington's proviso did not violate the letter or spirit of the Constitution, and taking all things into consideration, he would accept it, and moved the previous question.

Mr. Pennington's proviso was adopted—yeas 101, nays 34. The Senate's amendment thus amended, was returned to that body.

The Light House Appropriation Bill and other bills of minor importance, were then passed.

On the 12th, Mr. Wallbridge, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill for the construction of a railroad and line of telegraph from the western boundary of Missouri and Iowa, at a point north of the 38th and south of the 44th degree, to some point on the Pacific Ocean. The bill is substantially the same as that prepared by the Select Committee.

A long struggle ensued between the friends and foes of the measure on points of order, when a motion was made by Mr. Orr to postpone the consideration of the bill until the second Monday in December next, which was lost by the casting vote of the Speaker.

The joint resolution allowing sixty additional days during which the creditors of Texas can present their claims to the Treasury Department, was considered and passed. Nearly $800,000 of these claims remain unpaid.

The House then passed about fifty private bills, and adjourned.

On the 13th, the House passed the bill extending the patent for the Adams' printing press by 40 majority.

The Senate's amendment of the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bill was then taken up for consideration.

The question being stated on agreeing to the Senate's amendment to strike out the proviso that no money shall be expended until the persons under indictment in Kansas be discharged, and the prosecutions dismissed, &c.

Mr. Pennington moved an amendment to the Senate's amendment, making similar provision, but that nothing therein shall be so construed as to prevent the indictment, arrest, prosecution, punishment, or detention in or by any Court of the United States in Kansas, of any person who shall have violated any provision of any act of Congress, in the commission of any offence against person or property.

Mr. Pennington said he would never vote a dollar to sustain these indictments for treason, or uphold the bogus Legislature.

Mr. Letcher said, the Courts only could determine whether those individuals were guilty or innocent. He thought the House were poorly employed in seeking to nullify judicial proceedings by legal enactment. He should like to know whether Mr. Pennington and his friends were afraid of the Courts?

Mr. Pennington—I am afraid of the Courts of Kansas. Does the gentleman from Virginia believe any of the parties to the Territory guilty of treason?

Mr. Letcher replied affirmatively, they having solemnly sworn to subvert the Government.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, was satisfied that no person now in prison or under arrest, in Kansas, for treason, would be prosecuted or punished.

Mr. Kunkel wished to know how Mr. Campbell became the recipient of information denied to other gentlemen.

Mr. Pennington's amendment was then agreed to—ayes 91; nays 72.

Various ineffectual efforts were made further to amend the bill, during which proceedings Mr. Grow spoke of the events in Kansas, in connection with its Courts, as a disgrace to humanity, and insisted that a limitation of the appropriation could be made without revolution.

Mr Davis, of Maryland, said that if Judge Lecompte was properly reported, there was not the shadow for the charge of treason. The House had not reached a point when a revolutionary remedy was justifiable. It was childish in the extreme to withhold an appropriation from the Kansas Courts, when the machinery by which the government carries on its business is not arrested.

Mr. Kunkel, of Pennsylvania, desired to know whether the knowledge of the gentleman goes to the extent that no new prosecutions will hereafter be commenced for alleged violations of the pretended laws of Kansas. But how does the gentleman from Ohio come by this knowledge? Who has authorized him to say to this House and the country that these proceedings will be stayed? How has he received this grave information, denied to all those with whom he usually acts? How, when and whence does this information come? I demand to know. I respect the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. Chairman, and have been willing to act under his lead, but he must not ask me to act upon knowledge resting solely in his own bosom, and for which I could give no response to my constituents. I will not vote upon the declaration of the gentleman from Ohio. I too must know. I too represent one hundred thousand of the freemen of this country, just as does the gentleman from Ohio; and holding myself as the humblest member upon this floor, I claim my right to know, when I am called upon to vote, whence this information, given to us in such an authoritative way, is derived, and how far it may be relied upon. Why, sir, how is this? But yesterday this Administration stood forth to the world declaring in this House, in the Senate, by the President, that the shameless usurpation in Kansas was a valid Legislature, and that its enactments were to be enforced though every Free-State man should hang high as Haman. What has occurred to produce a pause—a doubt—a reconsideration? Why are not these laws to be enforced, and traitors hung? I want light. Is it the penitence of this dying Administration for its wrongs to the people of Kansas? or is it the base fear of the Democratic party, trembling under the guilt which foreshadows its doom? Let this House and the country know the facts; they cannot long remain concealed. If, after all that this Administration has so solemnly said and done on the Kansas question; if, after all its threatenings against and slaughter of Free-State men, and the merciless other cruelties it has allowed and practiced upon them, it now stands before the country with nolle prosequi in its hands for all political offenders in the Territory of Kansas, why, then, sir, it is quailing before the gathering indignation of the country, and the gallant Free-State men of Kansas will owe their lives and their liberties, not to the justice or the mercy of the Administration, but to the firmness of the majority of this House and their Northern constituencies.

Mr. Campbell replied that it was well known that he had no sympathy with the present Administration, nor with the party which brought those wrongs on the country by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He repeated that he knew and believed, that those men arrested in Kansas of the charge of treason, for a violation of the laws of what is termed the bogus Legislature, would not be prosecuted to punishment; and he said to Mr. Kunkel that he never should violate the confidence reposed in him by giving the source of his information.

Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, said the President had no more right or authority to discharge the indicted parties in Kansas than if they were detained in Virginia.

Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey—Does the gentleman from Virginia deny the right of the President to discharge the prisoners?

Mr. Letcher—I do; and it will puzzle the gentleman to show any authority for the exercise of such right.

Mr. Pennington—Thomas Jefferson exercised that right in Virginia.

Mr. Campbell remarked that he had received no official communication, but believed that the prosecutions would not be carried on to the extent of treason.

Mr. Stanton put no faith in the Executive promise, and would not therefore so legislate. For one he should adhere to the proviso, disregarding all consequences.

Mr. Orr, of S. C., said that while he had no official information to communicate to the House, he had no doubt that the supposition of Mr. Campbell was correct. He did not concur with Mr. Letcher, that the President has no right to control the prosecutions in Kansas. He thought the President could enter a nolle prosequi, and did not believe that the accused had gone far enough to constitute treason.

Mr. Galloway, of Ohio, advocated the limitation of the appropriation, and said they were by stern necessity reduced to that said alternative.

Mr. Humphrey Marshall of Ky., thought the House ought to breathe freer and deeper than they had for months past, and was gratified that President Pierce had made a confidential communication to the Premier of this House.

Mr. Campbell said that the gentleman from Kentucky had no authority for using such language.

Mr. Marshall replied that he had a right to draw such an inference. If those who have been kicking up such a fuss in Kansas are now to be let off, he wanted the country to know it, that those from the North and South who have been defending sovereign rights may cry "Eureka."

Mr. Giddings congratulated the country on the auspicious fact that the representative voice had at last been heard at the other end of the avenue. He thanked God he had been permitted to see this day.

Mr. Campbell wished to speak, but Mr. Giddings refused to yield the floor.

Much confusion prevailed through out the proceedings, during which Mr. Campbell said, in reply to a remark of Mr. Giddings, that if the conflict must be met, he and his colleagues must meet on equal terms here or elsewhere.

Mr. Giddings, smiling—Please don't talk about meeting me elsewhere. (Laughter.)

Mr. Campbell, earnestly—I mean in debate; in debate.

Mr. Craig made an ineffectual motion that the Committee rise, that he might offer a resolution requesting the President to furnish the House with all information in his possession relative to the dismissal of the prosecutions in Kansas.

Mr. Smith, of Virginia, did not believe the President would either undertake to prejudice the action of the competent authorities of Kansas, or step in officially to influence the action of the House with reference to the duties confided to them.

Mr. Cumback, of Ind., said enough has transpired in this debate to-day to let us know that the President of the United States has suddenly become awakened on this subject, but not until those gallant men, who dared to maintain their rights, and defend the cause of Freedom, and resist usurpation and outrage, have for four long months been confined in prison and with chains, some in irons, sweltering under the burning sun, guarded by soldiers and a posse composed of non-resident hirelings. These men, thus confined, subjected to the taunts and insults of bitter enemies, deprived of every comfort, will no doubt be fully consoled when they learn, that during all this long time, the President has been looking diligently after their interest; and the hint is to day dropped that he will, at the end, conclude—I know not how soon—that they have been confined without any cause whatever. This will not avail him and his political friends now, while I confess I am rejoiced to hear these men are to be released. Sir, he knew all these facts before these prosecutions were commenced. Yes, more, he incited and brought about these prosecutions by his special message of the 24th of January, on Kansas affairs, where he takes the express ground that the attempt to organize the Government of Kansas under the Free-State Constitution, made at Topeka, would be "TREASONABLE INSURRECTION," and would be treated accordingly by the Executive. For that message, and for that position thus assumed by him, and afterwards embodied in his proclamation, he has received the congratulations and hearty commendation of his political friends on this floor and throughout the country. What change has come over his spirit that thus induces him to take the back track, and overturn the monstrous doctrines contained in his own official paper? What meant the high-sounding words but a few months ago uttered in the other end of the Capitol by the leader of the Administration party that its policy would be to require submission to the laws and constituted authorities in Kansas, "to reduce to subjection those who resisted them, and to punish REBELLION AND TREASON?" What, sir, has so suddenly brought this party, that talked so vauntingly of "subjection," to such a sudden halt? Sir, the question suggests the answer. It is the scathing indignation that is borne to us on every breeze from all sections of the outraged, but not yet subjected, North, that has done this, and I am glad that it will do the work and relieve these men. At this point, the amendment of the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Smith) is unfortunate. What does it mean? We are about to stop supplies for that Territory until these prosecutions are dismissed. Yet the gentleman from Virginia wishes to provide that nothing in our proceedings shall be so construed as to prevent *future* prosecutions. I regard this as significant, when taken in connection with the hints that have been dropped, that the President intends to dismiss these cases whether these amendments prevail or not. Sir, it reminds me of the man who, when about to die, remembered that he had a long standing difficulty with his neighbor, and had him called to his bed to make peace with him. The neighbor came, and was forgiven, but as the neighbor started out of the door to leave his sick friend, he was called back, and the sick man says, "See here, neighbor, if I die, this arrangement is to stand, but if I get well, matters are to stand as they did before." [Laughter.] So with the President and the Democratic party in their dying condition. They propose to make peace with the people by dismissing these prosecution at this late day, but the amendment of the gentleman from Virginia plainly says that if they survive November, and elect their candidate for the Presidency, this dying arrangement is to be null and void, but if they die at that time, it is to stand. [Laughter.] On these conditions I think the dismissals will be permanent.

Mr. Seward, of Ga., had always doubted whether treason had been committed or not, but this was a question which belonged to the Courts. If the proviso is to be engrafted in the Appropriation bills, let them go. If the President truckles to it, be it so. He would not swallow that which he did not approve.

The Committee rose, when the bill was reported, and the House adjourned.

On the 14th, a communication was received from the Post Master General, in reply to a resolution of the House, in which he says that special instructions have been issued to the proper agents, and that no effort will be spared to discover and punish the persons who have unlawfully abstracted or detained from the mails books or documents sent thereto by members of Congress.

The House then proceeded to act on the amendment to the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, as reported from the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

The House voted to retain the appropriation of nearly $183,000 of books, which the Senate had stricken out, and added a proviso that any member who may be unwilling to receive his share, may so inform the Clerk, who shall report the same to the House, at the next session.

The House concurred—yeas 97, nays 90, in the amendment substituting the following for a similar provision, which the Senate struck out.

Provided, That no part of the money appropriated by the act for the Territory of Kansas shall be drawn from the Treasury, or paid out of any other appropriation made by Congress until every person charged with treason against the United States, or other offences, founded upon any participation of such persons in the formation of the constitution, known as the Topeka Convention, or any measure preparatory thereto, or in pursuance thereof, or in the body claiming to be the Legislature of said Territory, convened at Topeka, or any measure preparatory thereto, or in pursuance thereof, or any violation or disregard whatever of any enactment of the alleged Legislative Assembly of said Territory recently assembled at Shawnee Mission, shall be released from confinement and discharged from further prosecution therefor; but nothing contained in the provision shall be so construed as to prevent the indictment, arrest, prosecution, or punishment upon detection in or by any Court of the United States in said Territory of any persons who shall have violated any provision of any act of Congress in the commission of any offence against person or property in said Territory.

The House disagreed by five majority to the Senate's amendment restoring the appropriation of $30,000 for the expenses of the future Legislature of KANSAS.

The House concurred, by seven majority, in an amendment similar to the one stricken out by the Senate, preventing the expenditure of any moneys for arresting, prosecuting or detaining persons charged with treason, and other political offences, growing out of the action of the Legislature of Kansas and the Topeka Convention.

The House passed a bill establishing a large number of post routes.

The Senate bill appropriating nearly half a million of dollars to pay certain bondholders, for the amount expended by California for the suppression of Indian hostilities, was tabled by 32 majority.

On the 15th, the House took up and passed the Senate bill, regulating the Diplomatic and Consular salaries.

Fifty thousand copies of the report of Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, on the subject of the modification of the tariff, were ordered to be printed.

The House took up and passed the bill appropriating $200,000 for the establishment of a naval depot at Brunswick, Georgia.

The Senate bill, regulating the pay of members of Congress, was then taken up.

Mr. Orr offered a substitute for the bill. Instead of paying members $2,500 a year, he proposed $6,000 for the entire Congress, (two years,) covering the present; mileage to remain the same as now, deductions to be made for voluntary absence, and books voted for members to be paid for out of their compensation.

Mr. Orr said members were poorly paid, and if there was a desire to preserve anything like purity, they must be placed beyond the reach of reasonable temptation. Various ineffectual motions were made to lay the bill on the table, but it finally passed, as amended by Mr. Orr—yeas 101, nays 56.

A resolution was adopted, giving the usual extra compensation to the employees of the House.

The House passed the bill providing for the appointment, in the army, of four surgeons, and eight assistant surgeons; the bill providing for the survey of the Southern boundary of Kansas, and the Senate bill amendatory of the act regulating the fees, costs, and general expenses of the Judiciary.

On the 16th, the bill making the usual appropriation for the mail steamer service, was taken up, and an amendment concurred in by 110 majority, providing for giving notice of the termination of the compensation for the transportation of the mails between New York and Liverpool, on the Collins line of steamers. [The Senate also concurred in this amendment 36 to 9.]

The House then considered and passed thirty-two private bills from the Senate, and also a bill approved by the Senate granting copy-rights to dramatic authors.

The Senate bill to protect citizens of the United States in the discovery of Guano Islands, was taken up and passed.

The bill for the improvement of the Patapsco was taken up and passed over the President's veto, the yeas being 136, and the nays 47.

Mr. Campbell, from the Committee of Conference on the Army Bill, reported that the Committee were unable to agree, and asked to be discharged, that another Committee might be appointed. Agreed to—Committee appointed.

Mr. Cobb of Georgia, made a report from the Conference on the Legislative and Judicial Executive Appropriation Bill. He thought it should be made a test vote on the disagreeing amendments to ascertain whether the House meant to maintain its position, or lose the bill.

The House, on motion, receded from the amendment for books to members, thus narrowing down the issue to the Kansas question alone.

One o'clock, A. M.—The House has receded, by four majority, from the proviso that no money shall be drawn from the treasury till the persons charged with treason or other offences for their connection with the Topeka Convention, or under enactment by the body claiming to be the Legislature at Shawnee Mission, shall be released, and the prosecutions abandoned.

The House also receded by five majority from the proviso that no part of the money appropriated shall be applied to the prosecution, punishment, or detension of persons charged with treason or other political offences.

The House insisted by ten majority, on the amendment striking out $20,000 to defray the expenses of the next Kansas Legislature.

Mr. Giddings, from the Committee of Conference on the Army Appropriation Bill, reported that the Committee were unable to agree in relation to the Kansas proviso. He defended the Republicans from the charge that they desire to withhold the means of carrying on the government, but stated that they were determined not to vote to enforce bogus laws at the point of the bayonet.

Mr. Faulkner said that Mr. Gidding's arguments had been heretofore answered, and his slanders refuted. The time for discussion had passed, and the time for action come.

Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, contended that the House had yielded all that it ought to yield, and that the moment had arrived when they should assert their rights. There was nothing improper in the bill. The proviso merely provides that the Army shall not be used by the President to enforce the alleged laws of Kansas. If the bill is defeated, on the Senate must rest the responsibility.

Mr. Faulkner moved that the House recede from the proviso. Disagreed to by a majority of 5.

The House then, at half-past 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, adjourned to meet at 9 A. M., on Monday.

On the 18th, the Speaker laid before the House a letter from Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, announcing that he had resigned his seat.

Mr. Simmons, rising to a question of privilege, offered a resolution that a Committee of five be appointed to investigate the assault on Mr. Granger by Mr. McMullin, this morning, and report their action to this House on the second Monday of December.

Mr. McMullin hoped that unanimous consent would be given for the inquiry, and the resolution was adopted.

The Speaker appointed Messrs. Simmons, Smith of Virginia, Faitli, Edie and Fuller of Maine, a Committee to investigate the assault and battery by McMullin on Mr. Granger.

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, from the Committee of Conference on the Army Bill, reported that they were unable to agree on the amendment restricting the military operations in Kansas and disarming the military, and moved that the House further insist, and ask the Senate for a forthwith Committee of Conference.

Mr. Cobb of Georgia, said that the only way to save the bill was for the House to recede from the Kansas amendment.

At half-past 11 the vote was taken on Mr. Campbell's motion, and it was disagreed to—yeas 88, nays 103.

Mr. Kunkle moved that another Committee of Conference be appointed.

The Speaker decided the motion out of order, as a similar question has just been decided.

Mr. Millson asked leave to offer a resolution that, the Senate concurring, the time for the adjournment be extended for two hours. Objections were made amid great excitement.

Mr. Cobb of Georgia, moved a suspension of the rules. He wished the majority to determine or not whether they would defeat the bill, and to let all these factious movements be exhibited to the country.

The House, at one minute of 12 o'clock, refused to suspend the rules—yeas 131, nays 88; not two-thirds.

The Hall was ringing for 12 o'clock, when Mr. Campbell of Ohio, moved to take up the Senate's resolution extending the time for the adjournment to 2 o'clock.

The yeas and nays were ordered, but before the call was commenced the Speaker announced the adjournment of the House, in accordance with the joint resolution fixing the hour.

The members lingered in the Hall, some lamenting and others rejoicing over the defeat of the Army Bill.

RAILWAY FUEL.—The scarcity of timber in Illinois, has led to experiments on the Illinois Central Railway, as to the use of coal for locomotive fuel. They were of course successful, as all previous experiments have been in the Eastern States. Heavy freight trains were run with locomotives burning wood and with those burning coal, and in every instance the coal engine could run a greater distance at less cost than its competitor. For instance, No. 51 being a coal engine, and Nos. 39 and 57 wood burners, the comparison stands thus:

	Miles run.	Cost.
No. 57,	1,320	$215 72
No. 51,	1,320	72 60
Saving in favor of coal,		$142 72
	Miles run.	Cost.
No. 39,	1,320	$358 08
No. 51,	1,320	83 93
Saving in favor of coal,		$202 05

Not the slightest injury has resulted to the locomotive from the trial with coal. The general superintendent of the road announces the result of his experiments, that all wood burning engines can be converted into coal burners at a cost not exceeding $275 each. To the Illinois Central Railway Company, whose whole road runs through lands mostly denuded of trees, yet abounding in coal, these results are of great importance.

NEWS ITEMS.

The yellow fever is still very bad at Havana and in other parts of Cuba, and persons unacclimated are not safe in visiting any of the Cuban ports.

MOBILE, Aug. 14.—A severe storm of wind and rain has prevailed here for several days, and throughout the State generally. Fears are exp

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A U. S. NAVAL OFFICER.

"HEYDA."

A week or ten days had passed since the Old John had let go her restless anchor in the half sheltered harbor of Simoda, Japan; and now we were again under way for a short trip down the coast, to the hitherto unknown port of Heyda, while the Vincennes remained at Simoda, to conclude the survey of that port.

The Japanese officials had opposed this trip most violently, as soon as it was mentioned, throwing themselves back upon Commodore Perry's treaty, with great apparent regard for its every feature, and giving us to understand that if we went to Heyda it would be clearly a piece of bad faith on our part, as the treaty expressly provided that *Americans were to visit no Japanese ports save those of Nan-ga sa-ki*, Hako-do di, and Simoda.

To this, Commodore John Rogers replied, with equal force and wariness of regard for the provisions of the treaty, that among other things that instrument permitted American vessels, in distress, to *fly for refuge* into *any port of Japan*, and that that liberty would be more than useless if we were not to be allowed to make charts of all such ports for the benefit of all such distressed vessels.

While running in for refuge, *without a chart*, he said, the vessels might strike upon a sunken rock, or reef, in which case they would have done much better to have remained outside in the storm. This would be a poor kind of protection to extend to American vessels in distress, he continued; and concluded his argument with the matter-of-course and emphatic observation—If it is a clear day to-morrow, the Hancock will go to Heyda, but there will be no going back into the country. I only wish to communicate with the Russian Commanding Officer," and to make a survey of the harbor, so that if any vessel is in distress, they may have a chart to run in by.

Still the Japanese refused; they *always* refused *everything*, even what the treaty expressly provided for, and the only way we ever got along was to do what we wanted to without asking any questions, and then refer them to the treaty for our authority.

So if we expected to accomplish anything by our visit, we had to act just as if we had full authority from the Emperor, or make up our minds to do nothing at all; and as *we had already sailed several thousand miles* to get at *this work*, we couldn't well go away without accomplishing it. So, *at it we went*, commencing the southern end of our survey at Heyda, on the island of Nipon, and ending at the town of Tomari, on the northern extremity of the island of Jesso. A coast-line of over a thousand miles, accomplished through all kinds of weather, and against all manner of obstacles that were thrown in our way by the cunning of the Japanese. But let us return to Heyda, and the shipwrecked Russians.

On the morning of the 24th of *May*, 1853, we left *Simoda* before a light land breeze, and under all sail and low steam, worked our way slowly to the southward, keeping well in with the land, and sketching its windings from point to point, as we went along. Several Russian officers who had crossed the mountains on foot to Simoda to pay the squadron a visit, took passage with us, and added to the interest of the trip by pointing out and naming various villages that we passed, and indulging us with accounts of their experience among the Japanese.

These accomplished officers and gentlemen mostly spoke French fluently, and some of them even understood our own language quite well. I had always regarded Russian officers as rather illiterate and boorish than otherwise, and was consequently now the more surprised to find them our equals in polish as well as in classical and scientific acquirements.

Our time passed pleasantly enough, as we steamed over the distance of forty miles, and we were beginning to think that some signs of the harbor ought now to be heaving in sight, when we suddenly found ourselves within a mile of its very mouth. So beautifully was it hidden from the sea, that a strange vessel might have backed and filled about its locality for days without imagining the existence of any such place.

"Voila la Fu-si-yama!" exclaimed one of the Russians, pointing far down the coast to a magnificent mountain, which, suddenly relieved by a passing squall, of its dense envelope of clouds, now lifted its snowy head far into the mid-day sky.

A magnificent sight it was, truly! Imagine a vast truncated cone, whose even slope to the northward was washed by the rolling waters of the bay, while its southern base dropped gradually back for miles, and tens of miles, into the unknown interior. Its snow-capped crest reflecting the vertical rays of the mid-day sun, and its blue and even sides, that told its great distance, fill up the picture, Voila la Fu-si-yama! as well as my pen can paint it.

"It is their great object of reverence, I might almost say of worship," continued the Russian. "You find it stamped upon most of their porcelain and lacquer ware, and hung in tapestry about many of their altars. Its sides that now look so blue, are said to be remarkably fertile, its summit is always covered with snow, and is in bad weather generally hidden from view by the clouds which hang around it. It serves them also as a very reliable barometer." When several hundred of their boats were towing our crippled frigate from Simoda to Heyda, the day was beautifully clear, and we were getting along quite smoothly, when suddenly a white cloud hid it from our view and threw the whole line of boats into the wildest state of confusion. They cast off their lines and pulled for the shore in such haste that it was with difficulty that we could keep enough with us to save ourselves and crew in. When the hurricane, which the white cloud had indicated, broke upon us, we were safe in under the land, but the Old Diana foundered in a few minutes. Their knowledge of the weather was all that saved us.

We were now approaching the curved and narrow entrance of the harbor, and, as is usual when entering a strange port, all hands mustered on deck with glasses and wide awake eyes, to see what was to be seen, and to imagine a great many things which were not to be seen. And the changing panorama that existed on every hand, was one well worthy of admiration. The day was as calm as a perfectly motionless atmosphere could make it, and just warm enough to make it pleasant. Ahead of us there was opening a green and picturesque valley with the locale of its hidden villages indicated by groves of closely planted shade trees, and with the glassy surface of a winding stream breaking out here and there and reflecting the slanting rays of the western sun. On our left, the southern range of mountains that formed one wall of the valley stretched their broken length down into the very sea, lifting their uneven ridge several hundred feet above its level, and telling the mariner of bold water along their rugged sides and friendly shelter under their protecting breasts.

On the right, a long, low, and curved fragment of land, some one or two hundred yards in width, and densely covered with the heaviest timber, stretched itself from the northern shore towards the mountain range already alluded to, coming to an abrupt termination just in time to leave a passage of fair width opening into the inner harbor, and forming with the remaining shore line a magnificent anchorage in shape something like the number 6. Then to complete the panorama, astern of us miles away upon the clearly defined horizon where the dark blue of the sea and the azure hue of the heavens joined to limit the circle of vision, loomed out the undulating land that stretching far out into the sea from the downward slope of Fu-si-yama's northern side, formed a horseshoe bay of huge dimensions, whose unknown shores might to our excited fancies have contained a dozen such quiet anchorages as the one we were now entering.

Reader, if you have ever entered a quiet, mill-pond like harbor after a week or more of hard and stormy weather, you can well imagine our feelings as we rounded up into this land-locked little cove* which was so perfectly protected that not even a ripple was to be seen upon the cool and shady looking beach. It was so totally different a harbor from that of Simoda, so infinitely superior in every respect, that we could not restrain the exclamation—"Oh! if Commodore Perry had but selected this as one of his three ports of entry, ships arriving in Japan would at any rate be assured of safety from the elements if nothing else." We wondered in vain why Simoda had been chosen when Heyda was so near, and we have not yet ceased to wonder.

As we steamed slowly (doing our best, however,) up into this figure of 6 harbor, the Russian boats, which had been saved when the Diana foundered, were seen safely moored along the quiet beach, but the Russians themselves were no where to be noticed. They subsequently acknowledged that they had taken us for an English or French steamer under American colors, and repeating the oft complained of proceeding of the former, who had entered the harbor of Petro-paulskie (!) with our flag at their peak, made a hasty survey of it, and then put up their helm and steamed out again, while hoisting their true colors and firing a gun in bravado. We had not seen this act ourselves, but had heard of it so often that we finally began to regard it as having taken place beyond a doubt.

As soon as we had let go our anchor the captain's gig was placed at the disposal of our passengers, and after they had been on shore a few moments, we began to see swarms of their countrymen crowding the beach, many of whom soon came off in their boats to extend the civilities of the port to us. One would have imagined it a possession of the Czar, instead of a Japanese sea-port town, so completely had the Russians made themselves at home. They laughed at the idea of our not visiting them at their quarters, because the Japanese objected to it, and offered to take us in *their* boats if we wished to respect their foolish fancies.

That night we had them, as well as several Japanese of rank, on board, and introduced them to a bowl of hot whiskey punch, and as this latter disappeared, we acquired considerable information of their nation at large from the Japanese, through the Russians, many of whom had already made considerable progress in the language.

Among other things we learned one of the great secrets in regard to the beauty and remarkable polish of their swords. It was not every Japanese sword that was good, the vice governor told us, it was only a certain number that had been made by a workman who lived A. D. 1750, that were so highly prized—any others could be had for a trifle, from ten to thirty dollars.

The old fellow had drank pretty freely of the punch before expressing himself thus liberally, and another glass or two upset his reserve and dignity completely. He slapped us on the back in a most "hail fellow well met" style, and drew his sword, when requested, without the slightest hesitation.† This latter was certainly the most beautiful specimen of polished steel that I ever saw; put a hair across it, and sweep your arm through the air, and its divided parts floated upon the disturbed atmosphere. The Governor seemed unusually proud of this sword; it was made, he told us, by the great maker of A. D., 1750, and had come to him from his father, who had long since retired from public life. I tried to ascertain if swords &c., fell to the lot of the eldest son in Japan, but failed to convey the question in an intelligible form.

The party broke up at a late hour, and the next day was devoted to the survey of the harbor, which being accomplished, the restless anchor once more appeared at the cat-head, and the old John again pointed herself for the sea.

As we steamed out at our *usual speed*, we were *overtaken* by a Russian boat, the officer of which presented us with a beautifully executed tracing of *their* survey of the harbor, a chart of which they had made simply for want of other occupation. That evening we were again at Simoda, the Japanese appearing not to care a farthing about our having visited Heyda, although they had opposed it so violently before it was accomplished.

* Capable of sheltering from fifty to sixty sail without crowding.

† Generally speaking, they positively refused to let their swords be drawn.

PERSONAL LIBERTY IN ITALY.—"An Italian," writing in the London Daily News, gives the following amusing anecdote:—There was a young Count in Capua—mind, the fact is historical, and I can give proofs of the authenticity of the anecdote—a young Campanian buck, at peace with himself and with all mankind, willing to pay tithes and taxes, to obey all the commandments of church and state, a quiet, inoffensive subject, who thought his moustache and imperial an infallible passport to walk into the ladies' hearts, and would as soon have thought of having his ears cut off as a galley slave, as the three tufts that grew so luxuriantly about the region of the mouth, and shaded and softened the light of his killing simpers. Well, a day came in which his macaronic majesty was offended by the bushy crop that had been suffered to grow on the faces of the Capuan youth, and issued peremptory orders for the enforcement of the never dormant edicts which gladden the hearts of the Sicilian tonsors. On a fair morning all the gensdarmes of the old Campanian capital were afoot; the young sparks were stopped at the very doors of their dwelling, and unceremoniously walked into the next barber's shop, from which they issued as shaven and shorn, and with faces as round, as smooth, and as unmeaning as so many new-born babes. In less than three days the whole aspect of the city was changed, for those who dreaded the indignity of a forcible depilation took good care to have themselves properly operated upon at home. The Count alone suffered the razor to lie in its case, and he was so universally known for his good nature, and the gensdarmes had so many excellent reasons to be on friendly terms with him, that they pretended to overlook him in their razzia, and he walked about for a week or two a phenomenon of a grizzly bear in the midst of a close shorn sheepish flock. The report of this contempt of the law reached the King in his stronghold of Gaeta, and he resolved upon giving his refractory subjects a memorable example. One evening the good people of Capua were assembled at the Theatre Royal; the orchestra had struck up the first notes of the overture of "Anna Bolena," and the lovers of melody were all agog for the appearance of a favorite prima donna, when lo! the curtain is raised, and discovers a platoon of Swiss Guards drawn up on the stage with arms on the cock, and in the midst of them the Count seated on an arm-chair, with his arms pinioned behind, and a Barabbas of a barber with a monster razor in his hand ready to execute the King's will on the rebel's face. The operation went on in the presence of the astounded multitude, and this *divertissement* of scraping off the hair of an honest and respected townsman was given to the good easy Capuans as a prelude to lopping off the head of bluff Harry's wife.

A HIGHLAND SUPERSTITION.—In certain parts of our highland glens, farmers are said to betake themselves to the following singular method for the purpose of preserving their corn from the fairies and the birds:—After a field is sown, they mix so much of the grain with sand, and then scatter it along the field, at the same time muttering to themselves,—"The sand for the fairies, the corn for the birds;" and, according to them, this is all the fairies and birds will destroy.—*Banff Journal.*

* The officers and crew of the ill-fated frigate Diana, spoken of in a previous letter.

THE BABY STEALER OF THE NUNDYROOG.

A lady writer, in Chambers's Journal, relates the following incident of travel. She is telling her adventures in India to one of her nieces—the very baby referred to.

"An old pagoda near Nundyroog was tenanted by a colony of monkeys. Here, then, we found ourselves one day, pitched at some distance from the ruin, to avoid monkey-intrusion. As there was no hamlet here, we had brought all that was necessary to make us comfortable for a day or two; and our train of camp-followers was increased by an aspirant for pagehood in little Hyder Khan, the cow-boy, who had professed a strong attachment for myself. It was a delicious cool afternoon on which we repaired with our sketching materials to take separate views of the pagoda, which we found to be one of those edifices that betray a mixture of Hindoo and Moorish architecture so common in certain districts of India; or, perhaps, they are buildings whose origin is guessed at from Jewish and Egyptian traditions. It was, in a state of robust dilapidation (so to speak), worthy of abler artists; and the creeping-plants with which some of its prominent buttresses were clothed, whilst other portions gaped hungrily in stony gloominess, bare and bold, made it quite a feature amidst the grassy hillocks that surrounded it. Your father had stolen off with his gun; your mother was seated in front of the temple, already busy; while the ayah, with her little charge—yourself, Cuthbert—accompanied me to the rear, where a magnificent banyan-tree, now covered with red *mosaic* figs, called for pictorial illustration at my hands. Hyder was ostensibly our guardian; but as hitherto few monkeys had shown themselves, we began to suppose they had gone, like ourselves, on a picnic; so he wandered about, collecting berries in the skirts of the jungle, which here extended close to the pagoda. How time passes when one is thoroughly absorbed in a favorite pursuit, you may some day know. I forgot everything; and though a sort of consciousness of great silence around struck me, I did not think of looking to inquire why ayah and baby were so quiet.

"The quiet, if natural, was broken by a scream so unnaturally fierce and shrill, that for a minute I was too terrified to look whence it came. When I did look, I beheld the ayah, still shrieking, in pursuit of what at first I believed to be a human being. Where is the child! I could not see it; and in another moment flashed the terrible conviction on me of the whole truth. I rushed frantically after the ayah, and as she fell lifeless across my path, I neither stayed to pity nor to help her, for there before me, but a few long paces, was a hideous ape—you in its arms. The creature, in seeming enjoyment, kept at a certain pace from me, still making into the jungle; and the faster I followed, the more speedily it trotted on; whilst at last broke out your piteous little voice, almost maddening me. On and on I went—still through woods that began to thicken, so that twilight was around me. Every device I could hit on to arrest the steps of the malignant creature, failed to have any other effect than to elicit a discordant chatter; and when, at last, completely fatigued, almost fainting, I lost sight of it in a dense thicket which I had not strength to penetrate, I fairly gave way, and lying on the ground, cried bitterly; oh, more bitterly than I have ever done since.

"But I gave not way to the nervous hysteria that threatened me. I felt that in this matter there was nothing more that *I* could do, and as I prayed for that higher Help which I knew could do all, my spirit became calmer, and I arose, determined as best I could to extricate myself from the jungle. I knew not what course to take—all were alike to me—but none were so dense as that which led into the copse, amidst which the ape had disappeared, from which, indeed, no sounds now proceeded save the monotonous and plaintive coo of the wood-pigeon. I took then what seemed the least intricate track, where path was none, and ere many minutes, came upon opener glades, with more grass than trees, and to my joy beheld that the sun was not yet below the horizon. This gave me courage, and I hastened on and on, till at length the red and golden trail of the set of sun was all that remained of day. Then I quivered at the idea of being benighted there, and stopped for a moment to reflect. A sound struck on my ears—a faint cry—not the coo of the dove, nor the guttural call of the quail, nor the bark of the jackal. Again! Surely it is a child's voice; or is the echo of my little nephew's murmura still in my ears? No! for then follows the crackling chatter of the monkey, and a thrill of hope made my blood circulate. I resolved to conceal myself, to watch an opportunity, and, ere the creature detected me, snatch the infant from its grasp, at all risks. I crept behind a thick bush, and, presently, still carrying you, almost as expertly as your ayah might have done, the monkey appeared. In advance of the line it took was a grassy hollow, some paces from the shrubs that screened me. To this it betook itself, and laying its burden on the ground, went through a series of grotesque antics, which, under other circumstances, might have diverted me, but now terrified me as to their issue. Your complete silence heightened my fears; had the animal strangled you, or was it about to destroy you? Presently, still keeping so close to you that I hesitated about rushing out upon it until affairs went more favorably, it began to pluck up the grass, as if in search of roots. At that moment, I became aware that another actor had entered on the scene.

"In a direct line from me, and beyond the hollow, perhaps some dozen of paces, stood a thick low tree, its trunk visible, but its root clothed in foliage. It was the *goolur*, or wild fig, and in the twilight its branches showed crimson with its studs of vermilion fruit, dead ripe. A movement amongst the lower umbrage arrested my gaze, and I could perceive the crouching shape of some living creature, some dangerous animal, perhaps, or was it another monkey? A rustle of leaves interrupted the labors of the child-stealer, and, skipping about, he ran towards the fig tree, as if to examine it. Beholding nothing, I suppose, but the fruit, he instantly applied himself to satisfy his hunger, apparently forgetting his former occupation. Now, I thought, was the time for an exertion to be made; but, as I moved, a rotten stick on which I trod made a noise, which instantly attracted the vigilant creature's notice, and turning his back to the tree, he stood listening, as he gazed towards the spot where I watched. At that juncture, to my inexpressible astonishment, two tiny paws—were they hands?—were protruded from the fig tree, and ere the most startled heart could beat once, out sprang around the monkey's neck a noose of cord. And lo! screaming and struggling with hideous contortions, with vain efforts to free himself, the creature dashed about in agony. With a spring I reached you where you lay, indeed senseless, but not dead, and held you to my heart.

"Who is it who stands beside me, pointing to the ape, bound firmly by the strangling cord to the trunk of the tree? Ah! my little page Hyder! bravely have you done! and, but for this dear babe upon my breast, I could have taken him in my arms and thanked him with many kisses. Amazed he was to find me there; but when by degrees you began to recover, and I found you still alive, and, barring scratches and scars whence blood had freely flowed, seemingly unhurt, great was our joy in that dark hour. Hyder plucked the ripe figs, and they served to moisten your dry lips and to refresh us; and then he told me how he strayed away to gather fruit, when the cries of the ayah had reached his ears. He heard from her what had happened, and instantly made for a part of the woods where he knew the monkeys often come to dig up the roots of a plant of which they are fond, and which grew abundantly only in the place I have called the 'grassy hollow.' I may as well tell you that this plant was a species of wild yam—the *Dioscorea bulbifera*, by no means despicable fare for man or monkey. Hyder's cow-boy belongings of a tether became useful in his pagedom novitiate; but when he assured me I must have travelled five miles, I doubted how I could reach the pagoda, so tired and upset was I.

"It was almost quite dark, as we came upon a good beaten track—the Gooty road, Hyder told me. I sat down to rest awhile, and pleased was I to find my charge quietly sleeping in my lap. ('Dekho, Beebee sahib! palkee aiee hie Gooty say!'—(Look, lady, a palanquin is coming from Gooty!) And in truth, a flash of distant lights is in my eyes, a sound of humming voices in my ears—a palanquin with its full complement of bearers and torches, and the loud but not unpleasing chorus of their song. Before half an hour they had come up to us; and when Hyder hailed them, great was their wonder on hearing what had occurred, of which they immediately informed their slumbering freight.

"I have little more to say, my dear. The gentleman whom they were conveying to Madras, was soon beside us; he was quite a stranger to me, but insisted on my taking his place with you in the palkee, and on accompanying us to the pagoda, where I need not describe the warmth of welcome that awaited us, for your poor mother was in a state of distraction, and your father had only just returned after a vain search in quest of us."

UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

At a recent sale of some portion of the library belonging to D. Laing, Esq., one lot excited particular interest. In the catalogue it was thus described:—"The Lamentation of the Wife of Asan Aga, from the Morlachian Language. This Poem of XXVII. Stanzas, probably translated from the German version of Goethe, *is believed to be unpublished*. This is the more singular, as it used to be frequently recited by Sir Walter's friend, Lord Kinedder." The poem is in Scott's handwriting, such as it was in youth, and is probably one of the earliest of those translations from the German of which he gives an amusing an account in his "Essay on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad."

THE LAMENTATION OF THE FAITHFUL WIFE OF ASAN AGA, FROM THE MORLACHIAN LANGUAGE.

I.

What yonder glimmers so white on the mountain—
Glimmers so white where yon sycamores grow—
Is it wild swans around Vaga's fair fountain?
Or is it a wreath of the wintry snow?

II.

Had it been snow glimmers, white on the mountain,
By this it had melted before the bright day;
Or had it been swans around Vaga's fair fountain,
They had stretched their broad pinions and sped them away.

[The white specks upon the mountain prove to be the tents of Asan Aga, who has returned wounded from battle.]

IV.

Low lies the chief on the couch of the wounded,
There watch his sisters with tenderest care;
There weeps his mother in sorrow unbounded;
Every sad friend—but his lady—is there.

[The absence of his wife, arising, as it does, from mere prudery, might well have angered a more tolerant spirit than the fierce Hungarian. He, of course, is furious, and, in the old *sic volo sic jubeo* fashion, casts her off forever.]

VII.

Anguish the heart of that lady deep rended,
When the hard message was brought to her eye;
Woe were the looks on her children she bended,
Weeping around her, though scarce knowing why.

[Stanzas VIII. to XII. are perhaps the feeblest of the whole, and we should like to have heard Scott's hearty guffaw when William Erskine, in after years, recited them, wherein Carnan, the brother of the lady—

Drew from his bosom the severing Bill.

The "severing Bill" being no other than the deed of separation by which she is compelled to leave her home and children.]

XIII.

Torn was the tie by her harsh tempered brother,
He raised her behind him upon his fleet horse,
And to the lofty abode of his mother
He bent with the sorrowful lady his course.

[Ere long she is sought in marriage by troops of suitors.]

XV.

The greatest of all was Imoski's proud Cady;
Long had he loved her more dearly than life—
Then to her brother spoke weeping that lady:
"Give me no more to another to wife!

XVI.

"Give me no more as a wife to another!"
Thus to her brother in sorrow she spoke,
"Lest when my orphans shall call on their mother,
By anguish and longing my heart shall be broke."

[The brother is as obdurate as her whilom husband, and the hapless lady performs consents to wed the "Cady." She only stipulates for a black veil, that, while passing her old home, she may not be recognized by her children.]

XXI.

Safely they gained the high towers of Carasan!
But with the bride as returned the gay train,
Lest so they passed the proud dwelling of Asan,
Her children beheld their lost mother again.

XXII.

At the fond voices a sudden pause made she,
"Rein in your steeds these loved turrets below."
Thus to the gallants in agony said she,
"Till my last gifts on my babes I bestow."

XXIII.

Beneath the proud turrets the bridal train rested,
While her last gifts on her babes she bestow'd,
While she the boys with rich girdles invested,
And with gay sabres, with jewels that glowed.

XXIV.

Deck'd she her daughters in silks richly rustling;
And for those days when his strength might them wield,
To the dear suckling, in her bosom close nestling,
Gave she a girdle, a sabre, and shield.

XXV.

All this from beside saw the stern Asan Aga,
And loud to his children he haughtily cried—
Away from that woman more false than the Vaga,
More light than its breeze and more cold than its tide.

XXVI.

Away fled the children, for fear loudly crying,
All but the suckling she clasp'd to her breast;
Down sunk the lady—pale, shivering, and dying,
Grasp'd it yet closer and sank into rest!

—*London Illustrated News.*

FISH EGGS.—At a late sitting of the French *Société Zoologique d'Acclimation*, M. Millett detailed a series of experiments he has lately made in conveying fecundated fish eggs. The result was, he said, that the eggs, when wrapped up in wet cloths and placed in boxes with moss, to prevent them from becoming dry and being jolted, may safely be conveyed not only during twenty or thirty, but even more than sixty days, either by water, railway or diligence. He added, that he had now in his possession eggs about to be hatched, which have been brought from distant parts of Scotland and Germany, and even from America. M. Millett stated a fact which was much more curious—namely, that fecundated eggs of different descriptions of salmon and trout do not perish, even when the cloths and moss in which they are wrapt become frozen. He had even been able, he said, "to observe, by means of a microscope, that a fish just issuing from the egg, and of which the heart was seen to beat, was not inconvenienced by being completely frozen up. This he explained by the fact that the animal heat of the fish, even in the embryo state, is sufficient to preserve around it a certain quantity of moisture."

RAPID MOTION.—Of the rapidity with which some portions of the machinery employed in the manufacture of cotton operate, we may form an idea from the fact that the very finest thread which is used in making lace, is passed through the strong flame of a lamp, which burns off the fibres without burning the thread itself. The velocity with which the thread moves is so great that it cannot be perceived there is any motion at all, the line of thread passing off a wheel through the flame, looking as if it were perfectly at rest.

"NOTHING BUT A BABY."

The bell in a village steeple tolled heavily, as the sinking sun reflected its gorgeous rays on every pane of the tall church windows. Through a street beautifully shaded with drooping elm trees, moved a humble procession towards the hill which rose, dotted with monuments and tombstones, on the eastern side of the sanctuary. No hearse with nodding plumes, no long array of carriages, drawn by steeds in funeral trappings, heralded the approach of a new dweller in the land of silence. One carriage, containing three women, a man, a little coffin, followed by a few toil-worn artisans and wondering boys, constituted the funeral procession. Just as the huge iron gate of the cemetery grated on its hinges to admit them, a band of merry-school-girls, released from study, came towards them. There is a magnet in sorrow which draws all hearts, whether from motives of sympathy or curiosity. These children, who had never known a care, turned into the yard, and sought the open grave. As the old man who rode in the carriage assisted a woman up the gravel walk towards them, their ears were arrested by the most heart-rending sobs and groans. They looked round for the hearse which should bear in it the mother, brother, or husband of the humble mourner. But none came. The sexton, with the air and gait of a man doing his daily business, passed them rapidly, and led the way to the grave, with the tiny coffin under his arm. At sight of it the sobbing mourner broke forth in new tones of anguish. "Oh, no," she said to the old man against whom she leaned, "I cannot have it buried yet—let me keep it here a little longer." He whispered soothingly in her ear, and stooped to open the little coffin. Then the young mother knelt beside her dead, and covered the sweet marble face with tears and kisses. She smoothed down the sunny hair with her hand, and laid her own burning cheek upon the cold one of the baby for one moment. Then clasping her hands tightly, she gasped out, "Bury it now." The man of death wanted no urging to the work. He lowered the mother's darling into its cold bed, and began to rattle the earth and stones upon it. Few hearts are so strong as to bear that cruel sound, and the stricken woman turning round to her aged friend cried out, "Take me away now; before another stone falls on the coffin, or my heart will break."

Then the school-girls saw the face of the weeper, and wondered at her youth. "How strange," whispered a blooming maiden to her companion, "that she can make such an ado—it is nothing but a baby."

"*Nothing but a baby!*" Wait awhile, child of beauty; wait till a few years have deepened the bloom which is just beginning to tinge the cheek and lip; wait till that gentle heart of thine, which is now more than satisfied with quiet home-love, shall beat with a newer passion, in comparison with which all others will look dim; wait till thy heart, now all thine own, shall be given to another's keeping, and beat only in unison with his; wait till a new claimant comes to share thy love with him, and to make thee a higher and a nobler being, as thou ministerest unto "one of these little ones"—then wilt thou know, and not till then, the full depth of a mother's love, but not of her anguish. The day of darkness may yet come to thee, child of joy. Thou mayst, in days to come, weep beside a little open grave, and then turn away with the agony of the childless mother, and seek that silent chamber whose light thou hast just laid in the grave. But even then, shouldst thou look back to this day, and remember this little grave and thine own careless words beside it, thou couldst not fathom the depth of this mother's anguish, unless thou shouldst be alone and desolate as she is. If thou hast a father's bosom in which to hide thy tear stained face, or a husband's strong arm to support thee in thy weakness, thou canst never, never know the throes of this youthful stranger, now widowed, orphaned and childless. Hear her simple story, and never again let thy bounding heart whisper, or thy red lips utter, "Nothing but a baby."

Little does the cherished daughter of parents able and anxious to make her happy, realize, when she goes forth to her own home, the full blessing which God grants when He gives to her a strong and noble man to be head over her. His is but a new love added to the rich store she possessed before; it is not, cannot be, her all of earthly joy. But alas for her—the pale young widow beside that tiny grave—she could tell a tale of sorrow which would blanch the rose on many a cheek, and raise the tear from many an eye.

Leah Walton was from her cradle the child of poverty. While a school girl, her widowed mother, worn out by that woman's curse—the needle—sank into an untimely grave, leaving her to the pity of a humble neighbor. Leah was upright, industrious, and beautifully modest. Her personal charms were by no means small as she neared womanhood; but alas for the poor! the worm of covetousness began to feed upon her beauty, and to steal her bloom long before it reached its meridian. The unending "stitch, stitch, stitch," beneath the sun's smile and the midnight's pale lamp, soon told the work it was doing on her frail form. Then appeared, as if to snatch her from the certain doom of the ill-paid needlewoman, one who offered her a lowly home but a noble heart. Theirs was no tale of romance; he was no titled youth, who came to raise her from poverty to plenty and splendor. He was only a poor man, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, asking her to be the wife of a poor man, and promising while God granted strength to his right arm, to provide for her wants and to shield her from danger. Well did he fulfill his promise—and for a few short months the gentle Leah enjoyed more of happiness and freedom from care than her brightest dreams had ever pictured. And then, not for his own ease or aggrandizement, but that he might make her more happy, he began to talk of the gold-land, and to make plans for spending there two short years. His little effects were gathered together, his young wife amply provided for, and with a most reluctant assent from her, he, with a young friend, set sail for the American Ophir. But he never reached its shining shore. His brave young head found a coral pillow, and the strong arm on which so many hopes hung, fell cold and powerless on a bed of golden sand.

Hope deferred made the young heart of Leah sick, long, long before the companion of his voyage sealed her melancholy fears. And did she, who knew what toil and poverty were—who had already drank their cup to the dregs in her childhood—did she fold her hands and sink powerless beneath this heavy stroke? No, no! She rose in all the strength God grants to feeble, dependent woman. Then, in His Providence, she becomes the protector and provider. A new object had already claimed her love and care, and she went forth as before, and sued as if she were a beggar—not for bread—*but for work*. Oh! shame to human nature, that one fellow creature should humbly crave of another the privilege of toiling for his honest bread. But so it is. "The borrower is servant of the lender," and the laborer is servant of the employer, while one is not less dependent than the other. Leah sought and found employment, and again her little fingers flew over one garment after another, as if the helpless little one before her had given them wings. Often in her little room would she steal a few moments to study the face of her baby-boy—to see his father's smile play around his lip, and glance from his dark eye. Often then in the twilight would she enjoy the luxury—some rich mothers call it drudgery—of holding her infant in her arms, and carrying it, pressed close to her bosom, around the narrow room. Often would the tears of anguish fall upon its innocent face, while she at the same moment blessed God that He had not left her quite desolate—that He had given her this child to rear for Him.

A woman who had long known the bitterness of poverty, in trying to condole with Leah on her husband's death, said:

"Yes, poor thing! it is hard for you! If you hadn't this baby to provide for, you'd get along nicely."

"Oh, don't say so, my kind friend," replied Leah, "while God spares him I shall have the heart for any hardship. This gift is the one bright spot in all my sorrowful way."

And so it was. Months rolled by, and the young widow's eye never grew dim, nor her heart weary over her midnight task.

She drew bright pictures of coming days, when little Charley could talk and sympathize with her—when she should lean on his arm and trust in his love, as she had done on his father's. But not so had Heaven decreed. In all the book of Providence there was no thorny path marked out for his tender foot—there was no hunger, no thirst, no sin to stain the record of Charley's future heritage. The orphan's God had prepared for this babe of poverty a mansion in His own house, where there is bread enough and to spare—water of life to slake his thirst—a white robe, and a resting place in Jesus' bosom. Was that a sad doom? Surely not for Charley.

But how did the young heart, thus doubly bereaved, bear up beneath this last stroke which death had the power to make on her spirit? She mourned and would not be comforted, because her child was not. She did not rebel against her Father's rod, but bowed before him, even while her soul was in bitterness. There was no heart in all the wide selfish world she could now call her own—had she not cause for anguish? The compassionate Saviour did not rebuke her for those tears, but with His own sweet accents whispered into her heart, "What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

The promise fell not without power on her heart, and she wondered, as she laid her head on her lonely pillow that night—Charley's first night in the grave—when that "hereafter" would come, which was to reveal unto her the "needs-be" for this sore chastisement. That day came, and did not tarry. It proved that all was done in compassion. Her own last day was at hand, and then with what joyful confidence did she cry to the humble pitying neighbors who surrounded her bed, "Oh what mercy, what loving-kindness in God, that He took Charley first. Who could have loved him as I have done in health? Who could have soothed him in death? I knew not then what the Lord was doing: now the clouds and darkness are all removed, and I see that my Father is only tender and pitiful, even when we are in affliction under His hand." And the hearts of the poor who stood around Leah's bed were strengthened, and they felt that behind their dark cloud, as well as here, the sun was shining, and would one day be revealed.

And did little Charley accomplish nothing by his brief life? True, he was "nothing but a baby;" but he did cheer for months a lonely aching heart, and in death God made it his mission to justify before men his ways, and to brighten the mother's pathway down to his own silent bed.

Jesus, when in the flesh, esteemed "these little ones" very highly—he now carries them in his arms, and bears them in his bosom. Let not then the gay and the happy set lightly by them, or wonder that they occupy so deep a place in the hearts of those to whom God has given them. Let them never say, when they see a bereaved mother overwhelmed with anguish, "Why make such an ado! It is nothing but a baby."—*New York Examiner.*

THE PHILANTHROPY OF COMMON LIFE.—There are those who, with a kind of noble but mistaken aspiration, are asking for a life which shall in its form and outward course be more spiritual and divine than that which they are obliged to live. They think that if they could devote themselves entirely to what are called labors of philanthropy, to visiting the poor and sick, that would be well and worthy—and so it would be. They think that if it could be inscribed on their tombstone, that they had visited a million of couches of disease, and carried balm and soothing to them, *that* would be a glorious record—and so it would be. But let me tell you that the million occasions will come—aye, and in the ordinary paths of life, in your houses and by your firesides—wherein you may act as nobly, as if all your life long you visited beds of sickness and pain. Yes, I say, the million occasions will come, varying every hour, in which you may restrain your passions, subdue your hearts to gentleness and patience, resign your own interest for another's advantage, speak words of kindness and wisdom, raise the fallen and cheer the fainting and sick in spirit, and soften and assuage the weariness and bitterness of the mortal lot. These cannot indeed be written on your tombs, for they are not one series of specific actions, like those of what is technically denominated philanthropy. But in them, I say, you may discharge offices not less gracious to others, not less glorious for yourselves, than the self denials of the far-famed sisters of charity, than the labors of Howard or Oberlin, or than the sufferings of the martyred host of God's elect. They shall not be written on your tombs; but they are written deep in the hearts of men—of friends, of children, of kindred all around you; they are written in the secret book of the great account!—*Orville Dewey.*

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.—A few Sundays since, a young and interesting country girl, plainly but neatly dressed, was standing amongst a group of anxious and agitated people on the steam packet Quay, evidently awaiting the arrival of the London boat, which it was expected would bring home a portion of the troops returning from the Crimea. As the boat approached the quay, the young woman of whom we speak recognized him for whom she evidently was anxiously and impatiently waiting, and in a few minutes was recognized in return. Kind and fond greetings passed between them, the young woman waved a cordial and heartfelt welcome, and her husband acknowledged her salutations. When the boat touched the quay, she rushed on board, and, eagerly making her way to the place where he stood, she reached out her hand to bid him welcome again to home and friends, when the poor fellow faltered for a moment, unable to repress his emotions, turned away from her, and burst into tears—both arms had been shot away! The poor woman hid her face in her handkerchief, and retired to the side of the boat, where she could indulge her grief without observation, and many of the spectators who happened to witness the scene, were almost as deeply affected for the moment.—*Cork Examiner.*

OBEDIENCE IN CHILDREN.—It is unspeakable what a blessing it is to a child, what a saving of unhappiness and wickedness in after life, to be early taught absolute obedience; there must be no hesitating or asking why, but what a mother says must at once be done. The young twig bends easily, but remember, that in after years it grows hard, and you will break before you can bend it. A little steadiness at first will save you many years' sorrow. While you insist upon obedience, however, you must take care that you do not provoke a child, and tempt it to disobedience by unreasonable and foolish commands. "Provoke not your children to wrath;" and when it is necessary to punish them, see that it never be done violently, and in a passion, but as a duty.—*Hints to Mothers.*

CURIOUS INSTINCT OF PLANTS.—Hoare, in his treatise on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in a strong but dry clay of a vine border. The vine sent out a leading or tap-root, directly through the clay to the bone. In its passage through the bone the main root threw out no fibres; but when it reached the bone it entirely covered it by degrees with the most delicate and minute fibres like lace, each one sucking a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of a marrow bone would the vine continue to feed as long as any nutriment remained to be extracted.

THE BRIDGE.

There's a wondrous bridge, my lady,
In the softest clime I know,
Where the sweetest breath of balsam,
Winds of spring eternal blow

From one heart onto another,
Leads this bridge's wondrous way,
Love it is who guards the portal,
Open to those who own his sway.

Love it is the bridge that buildeth,
Roses are the means supplied;
O'er it soul seeks soul in union,
As a bridegroom seeks his bride.

Love has scanned and capped the archer,
Deck'd it with its fair array,
Love, too, gathereth the wages,
Kisses are the tolls to pay.

Would'st thou willingly, sweet maiden,
See this wondrous bridge of mine?
Then it is that thou must lend me,
If we build it, help of thine.

From thy brow then drive the shadows,
Smile but on me, if thou will,
Then let's lay our lips together,
And the bridge will soon be built!

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"Wakefield is going to New York to try to get a publisher. Indeed, he would have remained there for that purpose, but for his impatience to see his mother and sisters."

"Wakefield turned author! Well, I did think, perhaps, that he would make a lawyer, or a doctor, or perhaps a clergyman of himself. But an author—"

"You see, my dear, being a scholar, a thinker, and next a traveller and observer, he could not well help it; but now let us talk of yourself. I have come over to spend the day and night with you; and I wish to take you home with me for a visit to-morrow."

"My own dear Vivia, I thank you; but before I consent, tell me—who will be there to-morrow?"

"No one but Brunton and myself. All the young people will be over at the Convent."

"Then I will go, dear Vivia."

Vivia was looking at her very affectionately and earnestly, as if pleading for the confidence that she withheld.

Theodora read her thoughts, and answered them as if they had been spoken—

"Well, yes! broken and wasted and sorrowful as I am—wrecked in health and happiness and hope as I am—I do not wish to meet old friends—happy in all that can make this life happy. I should only be a shadow in their sunshine. So I do not wish to see any one, Vivia, except your dear self."

Vivia was still looking at her with the most solicitous love. Yes! Theodora was wasted, broken, wrecked! The finest materials *are the first to lose their beauty when put to harsh uses.* The most delicate organizations suffer the most in the rude contact of earthly hardships. Theodora was, or seemed, almost a ruin! Illness, disappointment, sorrow, toil, care, want, hopelessness, loneliness, self neglect, had all combined to do their work of destruction.—Fair and fragile she had always been, but now her figure was thin, her complexion sallow, her features sharpened, her cheeks and temples hollow and shadowy, her hair thin, and her eyes sunken. Still, Theodora read her thoughts, and replied to them.

"Ay, look at me, Vivia! This is the end of all my high aspirations! Once I dreamed of a glorious life! Very early in childhood—aye, even in the night of my deep obscurity and dark ignorance, an oriole of beauty and of glory, like a young sunrise, lighted up the future of my dreams; beautiful visions visited my mind; beautiful spirits lived in my soul; I knew not how the lovely beings would take outward form; whether in music, or painting, or poetry, or sculpture—for beauty has many forms—but I knew that they lived, and I believed that they must appear! I prevised a sovereignty of genius that should give me a mighty spell over millions of hearts, a power that I would purchase with any amount of renunciation, of labor and devotion—a power that I would use for the good of man and the glory of God! Yes, I! humble in place, plain in person, weak in health, dreamed of these glorious powers, achievements and elevations! And then came the sweetest dream of the blessedness of mutual and perfect love—the crowning joy of all—but no more of that! my God! even now, after all that has come and passed, the memory of that dream nearly kills me! Oh, Vivia! so to have dreamed, with a common-place earthly life before me!"

"Your dreams were prophecies!—it remains for you to fulfil them, Theodora!" said her friend, earnestly.

"Prophecies! Oh, Vivia, do not mock me! Look at me! ruined in health, beauty, fortune and hope—widowed in the bitterest sense of the heart's eternal widowhood—alone, poor, crippled, sick and helpless! This is the end of all—this is death and the grave! This is the end of aspiration!" said Theodora, in a voice that sounded like a dying moan.

"And the beginning of achievement!" exclaimed Vivia, in a tone full of electric life! You have hitherto only aspired!—now shall you begin to achieve!"

"Achieve! me! do not mock my despair!" said Theodora, bitterly.

"Despair! what! despair at twenty-five! Our Blessed Saviour and Exemplar began His earth-work at thirty! His humblest follower may take hope from His example!"

"Alas! Vivia, you do not know how changed I am! the soul seems dead within me! It seems now that I love neither God nor man nor nature around me. Once, love for our Father in Heaven raised my whole soul as on angels' wings to Heaven!—the love of my friends filled my heart with joy! the world of beauty around me thrilled every nerve with rapture! Now, the glory of the morning and the evening, the sublimity of the mountain and the beauty of the valley wake no response from my soul, and I care no longer either to praise or pray!"

"What! mentally and morally and spiritually dead at twenty-five? Impossible! You are buried alive! I call your soul from its living grave!—Awake! arise! put on thy light and strength!" exclaimed Vivia, with her inspiring manner.

"Alas! Vivia! Come closer to me! Lay your hands on me that I may live! for your words, indeed, fall upon the ears of the dead!"

Vivia took the feeble and desponding one in her own strong and beautiful arms, and lay her head upon her broad and loving breast, and looked down upon her as if she would have transfused from her own rich vital power and glorious spiritual bounty all the life that feeble frame could sustain.

"All that you have hitherto suffered and survived has but prepared you for your work! In all our earliest aspirations, dear Theodora, there is so much of the alloy of self-worship! We desire love that we may be happy, wisdom that we may be powerful—not for the sake of good, not that we may bless our kind and create harmony around us. And it requires suffering to purify genius from selfishness. Now, all that purifies, at first weakens and exhausts, aye, almost unto death! Yet shall there be a resurrection! 'Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption; sown in weakness, raised in strength,' is true also of other things besides the buried human body. Awake! arise, then, oh! Theodora, daughter of God! and put on thy light and thy strength! live thine ideal life! do thine artist's work! think! love! labor!" exclaimed Vivia, with a burning enthusiasm that penetrated and aroused the lethargic brain, and warmed the chilled heart, and inspired the lifeless soul of her protege.

And as those inspiriting words prang from the glowing lips of Vivia, the strangest and most beautiful phenomena transfigured the face and form of Theodora;—the prostrate spirit evoked by love, arose informing and lifting up the lately collapsed and sinking frame, flushing the pale face and lighting up the heavy eyes, until the whole countenance glowed with beauty, and the whole figure was instinct and erect with strength and grace.

"Ah! that soul only needs arousing that she may cure the body," thought Vivia, as she, with wistful eyes regarded the child of her favor.

Thus—the former happy in imparting, the latter happy in receiving new life—the lady and her protege passed the day. Vivia bestowing from her own wealthy and bounteous personality, both the spiritual vivacity and physical vitality so much needed to nourish the wasted life powers of her votary.

Reader, have you ever wondered why the gift of healing by faith should have passed away with the days of our Saviour and His first apostles? Theologians maintain that the gift of miracles was bestowed only to attest the Divine origin of Christianity, and resumed when that religion was established. But there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to prove that such a limit was attached to the gift of healing. The only condition necessary to the possession of the gift was FAITH—the only limit to the action of this power was—insufficiency of faith. Why now, in these latter days, cannot the Christian believer, called to the bedside of his pain racked brother, heal him by the Word? Is the Lord less omnipotent, or is man less faithful than in those early ages of Christianity? We all know the tremendous power for good or for evil of man over man, spirit over spirit. Often more converting than the preacher's language is the preacher's tone and gaze and gesture. Often more restoring than all the doctor's drugs is his comforting presence. What then must still be the healing power of Christ put on by man in faith? But this is a subject too deep and sacred for your present writer. Let her return to her narrative.

That night, neither wishing to be separated from the other, Vivia and Theodora occupied the same chamber.

At dawn Vivia arose and awakened Theodora to prepare for a ride through the beautiful valley by the morning twilight.

They were soon in the saddles. Vivia riding the horse that had brought her to Red Ridge, and Theodora going on a gentle mare belonging to the farm.

As they wound their way down the narrow bridle-path, leading from the Ridge to the valley, and bordered each side with white dogwood blossoms and pink honeysuckles, all nature seemed just waking up and preparing to sing her matin song of praise.

The valley lay below them, shadowy, green, and fresh with dew—the opposite range of mountains at the extremity of which were Vivia's Hills arose darkly against the horizon, now reddened with the coming day.

From all the earth arose a low, glad, thrilling murmur, made up of the first waking movement of woods and fields and streams, of insects, birds and beasts, as though nature softly swept her harp strings in a prelude to her grand morning song of thanksgiving.

It was altogether a most animating and exhilirating scene.

"It is the most delightful and invigorating ride I ever took," exclaimed Theodora, inhaling a deep, life-giving breath.

"It is because you take this ride at an hour in which you never rode before—between four and five o'clock on a summer morning—an hour of the exceeding beauty of which you never dreamed, I venture to say. Poets and painters have filled volumes with songs, and galleries with pictures, of the sunset, the sunrise, &c.; but poets and painters must be an indolent brotherhood, for they miss the most glorious and inspiring hour of the day or night—the hour of nature's awakening—when we surprise her at her mysteries, when the earth is half spiritual, even if it be not filled with spirits. Whence comes that low, delicious murmur, arising from the ground, as if the earth were one grand harp, whose strings vibrated to the whisper of the breeze? Can it all come from nature, or are there spirit voices to be heard at this hour?"

"Spirit voices; I love to think that there are spirit voices. Oh! Vivia, I count as lost all the mornings that are gone, in which I have not been out to wait on Mother Nature at her matinal levee. I will not, if I can help it, miss another morning ride."

They reached the foot of the ridge, and passed along a narrow path, through the deep grass, that led to the flower-bordered banks of Mad River. They crossed the stream at a ford where the water was so crystal clear that both riders paused to admire the silvery sand and pearl-like pebbles at the bottom.

Then resuming their reins, they climbed the opposite bank, and proceeded through the deep grass and the low copse-wood, and finally the scattering groves of old forest trees that grew up and down, and in and out among the hills to Vivia's mansion, which they reached at sunrise, in full time for the very early breakfast, for which their ride had given them an appetite.

As Vivia had promised, all the family, with the exception of Mrs. Brunton, were absent at the convent.

After breakfast, Mrs. Brunton excused herself from further attendance, and departed to occupy herself with domestic affairs, leaving the young ladies together. The middle of the day was spent in repose, and the afternoon was pleasantly passed by the friends in wandering among the beautiful groves, or along the shallow streams among the hills around the mansion house.

While they sat and rested upon a bank of wild violets, under the shadow of a great elm tree, and watched the play of the purling brook at their feet, Vivia drew from Theodora a detailed account of all her experiences during their long separation.

At the conclusion, Vivia said: "You have acted well and wisely, dear Theodora, in all that has occurred. But now this immolation of yourself must end. Nay, it has ended. Now you must sell or rent your farm; you must accompany me this ensuing autumn to the city; you must open a studio there, and devote yourself to your beloved art. You must give forms to the beauty in your mind; no matter whether those forms of beauty be at once appreciated or accepted; they must be created, and they will be immortal. And if not in your world-life successful, you will be in your spirit-life happy."

"Successful? Happy? Oh! do not even presume to ask it! Successful? Only let my heart burn as heretofore, but not as heretofore, without diffusing light and heat to any! Only let me hear deep oracles of the spirit, as hitherto, but not as hitherto, without the power of utterance to make them acceptable and useful to the soul needs of any! Let the heart consume itself in its own divine fires, so that it makes some space in the world a little warmer and a little brighter—let the spirit isolate itself so that it may hear and utter the prophecies within, and then—forget the artist in her poverty and obscurity. She will not pine for absent fame or fortune! She will not even know whether she be 'successful.' But—'happy?' Did you say I should be happy? Ah, no! ah, nevermore! nevermore on this earth! Look, Vivia! that poor beetle at our feet! some careless step—it might have been yours or mine—has trodden upon it and crushed one quarter; yet see how it struggles and stumbles as it tries to go along on its remaining sound members! I am like that poor beetle, Vivia! I *feel* very like that poor mutilated insect *looks!* Vivia! the left side of my chest has a crushed and dying feeling, half physical, half spiritual, since the will within seems crippled with the heart."

"You have loved and you have suffered, and with all the strength of your heart! Well? what then? Such are the conditions of the poet's and the artist's life! such the indispensable conditions of their power! In your childhood you had the aspirations and previsions of genius; you were willing to consecrate yourself to the enthusiasm for art that possessed you; willing to be, or to do, or to suffer—anything—all things in her service. Well, this love—sorrow came; came, bringing storm and devastation to the calmness of your life; came, laying open, as an earthquake does, the deep abyss of your spirit, and passed, leaving you weak and desolate, yet in your weakness and your desolation wiser and more powerful than you could ever have been without that deep experience! Love is the holiest of all teachers, and sorrow is the next! You would not now be willing to annihilate the memory of that love with all the suffering that it has brought, sweet suffering at last, since it has been fruitful of wisdom, power and beauty! But love is not all a woman's life! do not think it—love is not all of my life, and yet you know my life is large and rich! My Theodora, be strong and patient! how short is our earthly life, even of the longest; and how very few live that longest! Long or short, live out your life worthily! Live blessing and blessed! Wait for death that dissolves all false marriages, and confirms all true ones! Wait for Heaven, where there can be no more illusions of the senses, no more deceptions or *self*-deceptions, no more unions of the false with the true, the evil with the good. Ah! I think, were the truths of Heaven only accepted, earth would then possess a divine patience! But, come! the sun has set, the moon is just rising, it is beautiful, but the dew is also falling, and you are not, as I am, on such good terms with nature as to bear her damp as well as her sunshine, so let us return to the house," said Vivia, and rising, she assisted Theodora to her feet.

When they entered the parlor, they found the tea-table set, and Mrs. Brunton waiting to preside at that meal.

"When did our friends say that they would be home?" inquired Vivia.

"They have decided to sleep at the convent to-night, and to visit, to-morrow, the Jesuit Seminary, and to return here to-morrow evening. But that reminds me—Mrs. Wildman certainly does not intend to return to Red Ridge to-night?" inquired the old lady, in conclusion.

"No, certainly not, Mrs. Wildman remains my guest until to-morrow afternoon, when I shall myself escort her home, spend the night with her, and come back here on Wednesday morning," answered Vivia, who had just then improvised the plan.

"Ah! you two were always great friends, and you have been so long separated—I do not wonder!" observed the old lady, as she filled out a cup of tea and passed it to Vivia.

Accordingly, Theodora passed that night and the next day at the Hills. And during that time Vivia won her consent to all the plans she had proposed. And even in that short space Theodora's improvement in spirits, health and strength, was very marked.

Vivia accompanied her back to Red Ridge, and as they sat alone in the farm-house that night, they discussed the details of Theodora's removal.

"The household furniture may be let, if possible, with the house and farm. The stock must be sold. The two old superannuated negroes must be comfortably provided for in the cabin which they now occupy, and which will also be a home for my two poor young vagrants, Jim and Tom, if they ever should wish to return. But what shall I ever do with my familiar demon, Miss Nelly Parrott?" inquired Theodora, smiling in the midst of her embarrassment.

"Oh! give yourself no concern, my dear, about that. I shall invite her to take up her abode at the Hills, where there is room enough to accommodate her without incommoding others, and where, in my absence, she will be some amusement to Mrs. Brunton, who can keep her in order."

"Yes—and she is very fond of visiting the Hills. Indeed, she left here on Monday, with the intention of bestowing her enlivening presence upon Mrs. Brunton, and I was surprised at not finding her there."

"Oh! doubtless she joined the party to the convent. When did she ever miss the occasion of amusement?"

"When, indeed! and that fills me with uneasiness, for, though she is always delighted to visit the Hills, and though she would be overjoyed in other circumstances to take up her permanent residence there, yet when she hears that I am going to live in the city, I assure you that she will insist upon accompanying me, just for the novelty of the adventure."

"And I assure you that we shall not indulge her in any whim of the kind. I shall know how to manage her!"

"My own dearest Vivia, from first to last, from great to little, I must owe all to you!" said Theodora, offering her lips for Vivia's kiss.

Soon after, they retired.

And the next morning Vivia took leave of Theodora, and departed to busy herself in procuring a tenant for Red Ridge. She enlisted Wakefield and Austin in the same enterprise. She visited Theodora two or three times each week. And, day by day, Theodora improved in health and spirits; and Vivia smiled joyously to see the blessed change.

On one of her visits to Red Ridge, Vivia was attended by Wakefield Brunton, who since his return had been anxious to pay his respects to his old playmate. The meeting was on both sides a joyous one. Theodora found Wakefield incredibly improved—the sun of the orient had imparted a rich brown tint to his complexion, and given a higher gloss to his raven black hair, and a deeper fire to his dark eyes; his bearing also was self-poised, dignified and proud almost to haughtiness; yet his manner, when addressed to herself, was very gentle and respectful, and when addressed to Vivia, was deferential even to humility; there was indeed in his whole deportment to the latter, a sort of sorrowful self-abandonment and deprecation, painful to behold and impossible to understand, and to which Vivia opposed an unvarying kindness, whose passionless serenity was equally inexplicable and almost equally painful.

"What is it? What can it be? Have each or either of these two loved the other? It is impossible to know, for Wakefield's strange manner reveals nothing. And Vivia never taxes another's heart with her own troubles," said Theodora to herself, as she pondered over these things.

Wakefield was almost as much interested in Theodora's fate as she had been in his own and Vivia's; for as he and his companion rode forth from the farm he said,

"Our Theodora has more beauty and interest about her than she ever had before. Her eyes have the soft brilliancy, and her complexion the 'tender pallor' of Tasso's Leonora."

"She has *soul* beauty, dear Wakefield," answered Vivia.

This was Wakefield's first and his farewell visit; for the next morning he set out on his journey to New York.

Vivia returned to Theodora. The latter thought she detected for the first time a look of deep depression and acute anxiety on the heretofore calm, bright face of her friend, but in a moment, and before she could be sure that it was there, it passed away, and smilingly Vivia said,

"You are growing strong, Theodora! There is no longer a plausible excuse for your keeping your friends at a distance, since I can no longer with truth tell them that you are indisposed. For your own sake and for ours, dear Theodora, be firm; prepare yourself, and come to-morrow to call upon Helen. Break the ice of this estrangement, get only the first interview over, and all will henceforth be well between you! You will find Austin unchanged, and Helen much improved, and both worthy a share of your esteem."

Theodora, who had grown pale and cold at the first proposition, nevertheless replied,

"You are perfectly right as always, dearest Vivia. We four cannot continue to live thus estranged; the meeting must come sooner or later; it will cost me a pang, but I will go."

"I thank you in the name of us all, my dear. Then I will remain with you to night, and take you home with me to make the visit to-morrow. Shall it be so?"

"Oh! yes, dearest Vivia! you anticipate my earnest wishes."

"And you will then spend the day with us, or the week, as you shall feel disposed?"

"You shall do with me as you please, dear Vivia."

Accordingly the next morning the friends arose at dawn, and prepared for another of those delightful rides through the valley in the morning twilight.

When they reached the Hills the sun was just rising, while the household were already up, and Mrs. Brunton's early breakfast prepared in her own room.

"We must take coffee with our housekeeper this morning, Theodora! Indeed I, being an early riser, breakfast with Mrs. Brunton every morning, and only sit down to the family breakfast with Austin and Helen as a matter of form," said Vivia, as she assisted her friend to relieve herself of her riding skirt.

"How long will they remain your guests, Vivia?"

"Until we all go up to town together. Their house at Mount Storm will not be ready for their reception this season."

They sat down to the table with good appetites for Mrs. Brunton's fragrant coffee and delicate rice muffins.

And after the morning repast was over they repaired to Vivia's apartment, where Theodora reposed herself until the young couple were ready to receive her in the morning room.

Then Vivia came for her and conducted her in. As soon as she entered, and before she could raise her eyes to see Helen and Austin sitting near one of the balcony windows, Helen sprung up, ran towards her, caught her in her arms, kissed her, and burst into tears. Helen's emotion, strange perhaps, but perfectly sincere, covered completely any loss of self-possession that Theodora might have betrayed.

When Helen had wept a little over the meeting with the old school-mate, whose life she had been fated to in many ways embitter, she took her by the hand to meet Austin, who was standing ready to welcome, and who now advanced to greet her.

She raised her eyes; the same grave and beautiful smile met her glance.

"I am very happy to meet you again, dear Theodora," he said; "I hope you will remain with us awhile. Since returning hither, we have all felt very much the need of your presence to make our family circle complete."

There was as much deference in his manner as there was kindly affection in his words; both together had the effect of calming the disturbance of his listener's bosom, and she replied,

"I am so happy to meet you all again, Austin! They were so long and lonesome—those days of your absence!"

"But now we are returned! Let us never be far or long separated again! I do not see why we five, drawn together by congeniality of temper, may not form one household! I want Vivia and Wakefield to live with us, or to allow us to live with them—but Vivia—does not reject, yet does not accept my proposition. Vivia, for the first time, reserves herself. But you—now while we all happen to be collected under one roof—how long will you remain with us?

"I came to spend the day, Austin."

"She will stay at least a week, Austin! And if I have influence enough over her, she will not return to the farm at all."

"Yes! while 'closing business' there, it is just as well that our Dora makes her home with us until we go to town, and then accompanies us thither," said Austin, turning, as he concluded, to Helen, as if to solicit her concurrence in the plan.

Helen nodded, and smiled assent.

Theodora was in the hands of her friends. We all know how docile, and how easily led she was; And her friends disposed of her as they would. She remained at the Hills, only returning to the farm when her presence there was necessary to attend to the sale of the stock, and of the growing crop, and lastly, to the transfer of the possession of the house to the tenant Austin found to take it.

Miss Nelly Parrott, at Vivia's invitation, came over with the last cart-load of valuables from Red Ridge. Miss Nelly was highly delighted at the change from the poor farm-house to the affluent mansion, and, consequently, got upon her most dignified and best behavior, until the family were preparing to go to New York, when, as Theodora had foreseen, Miss Nelly invited herself to become one of the party; putting her act upon the most generous grounds, by declaring that she was attached to Theodora, and would never, no, never, forsake her or allow her to go unattended out into a heartless world, etc. In vain Vivia good-humoredly promised to take excellent care of Theodora. No! no! no! Vivia left her once for years, and might leave her again—and *then* what would Theodora do!—Miss Nelly triumphantly inquired, while reiterating her fixed determination to abide by the fortunes of her legitimate protectress. This persistence on the part of the heroic Miss Nelly, must have caused much disturbance to the travellers, had not a providential visitation of rheumatism laid Miss Nelly up on her bed, with a reasonable prospect of remaining there some days. And under the cover of her disposition, the family party retreated, and commenced their journey.

They reached New York early in December, and took a furnished house, in a quiet street, where they established themselves for the winter.

Wakefield had found a publisher, and *they* found him deeply engaged in reading his proofs.

Austin, in whose name the house had been taken, invited and entreated Wakefield to leave his obscure boarding-house, and come and take up his abode with them for the winter. And at last, after a good deal of hesitation and difficulty, Wakefield yielded with the air of one who accepted an invitation, rather with the intention of pleasing his host than of gratifying himself. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCENE AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

SCENE AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Most of those who have travelled have doubtless visited Hampstead Heath, near London. An English journal says:

"We candidly believe there is no air like Hampstead air. Whether it is that, judging everything by contrast, the thick, heavy combination of strange gases that does duty for an atmosphere in London, makes us regard the strong, fresh breeze of Hampstead Heath as being purer than it really is, we cannot say. We know that after sitting long in darkness, a farthing candle suddenly brought in dazzles the eye like an electric light; so it may be with rival atmospheres. Whatever be the cause, we only know that the effect of half an hour's breathing on the Heath is exhilarating beyond all telling. Reader, if you have never been on Hampstead Heath, we pity you, and would most strongly advise, that on the very first fine Monday—don't put it off—you should walk up the hill—don't ride; call for one glass of ale—not more—at 'Jack Straw Castle;" then, once upon the Heath, give full vent to your feelings, running, jumping, shouting, donkey-riding—we are not particular what; when, if you don't feel many pounds the lighter, many years the younger—nay, we may almost add, many inches taller—you are less susceptible of the influences of nature and fresh air than most of us.

"The amusements provided for the frequenters of the Heath cannot be said to be numerous or varied; but then, again, varied amusements are not needed—a run, a jump, a roll upon the heather—such are the sort of things to do at Hampstead—things within most persons' own resources, requiring no apparatus but what you bring yourself, good spirits, health, and a tolerable amount of muscle. Apart from this, there is little that we care about—except the donkey-riding.

"But oh! such donkey riding! We trust we are not prejudiced. We trust that the exhilarating air of Hampstead Heath has not so far intoxicated us as to prevent our judging calmly and impartially. But it seems to us that there are no such donkeys as the Hampstead donkeys. There may be stupid asses amongst their number—but we don't believe it. The way in which they gallop—when they do gallop—bounding across their native Heath, has something about it that an imaginative and somewhat cockney mind might liken to the Arab steed in his own desert. And even when the Hampstead donkey will not gallop, his refusal to move is utterly unlike that of the stubborn, sullen animal "what wouldn't go" in the costermonger's cart in town. For, we are sure of it, the Hampstead donkey enters into the fun of the thing. When he stands still, it is with a sly wink to himself, and an inward chuckle—donkeys not being gifted with the faculty of laughing aloud—as he waits to see how his rider likes it. If he is driven to extremities by the driver's cudgel, the Hampstead donkey—like a merry, mischievous donkey, as he is,—simply throws his rider over his head, and wonders how he likes it then. Truly, upon the whole, a most superior class of donkey.

"The view from Hampstead Heath—let us rather say the views, for you have a perfect panorama all around you, and may choose your own point of sight—cannot well be equalled within many miles of the metropolis. Turn your eyes in one direction, and you see London—grimy, smoky London—lying far below you, its ever-present cloud of smoke hanging over it, and looking like the misty umbrella of a giant; while upon the other side you have the fine broad view of thorough genuine country, where the sun shines down as clearly as though there were not a chimney-pot within the universe. No wonder some of the first of our English landscape painters have chosen Hampstead for a residence.

"Close adjoining Hampstead Heath is the 'Vale of Health.' We cannot for the life of us see why this somewhat scrubby little valley should thus arrogantly claim the title of the spot for health *par excellence.* Is not the Heath itself, and all about it, full—absolutely running over—with health? We have no objection to the valley in itself. The tiny little cottages, where they have ever-boiling kettles (of dimensions out of all proportion with the cottages themselves) constantly in readiness to make the tea, so popular with the worshippers of St. Monday; the tea, thus made, the bread and butter, the water-cresses, are all well enough in their way; so is the valley. But we like modesty, and decidedly object to the insinuation thus thrown out against our well-beloved Heath, by the assumption of this name of the Vale of Health."

A JAPANESE MEDICAL SECRET.

The historian of Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan concludes that the Japanese are deficient in knowledge of medicine and surgery, but he says some of their medicinal preparations are very remarkable, producing most singular effects. Of these, (says the writer) there is one spoken of by Titsingh, who saw its application and its consequences; and from some of the officers of our own expedition we have heard of this preparation, of which, we believe, they have brought home specimens. Titsingh thus writes: "Instead of enclosing the bodies of the dead in coffins of a length and breadth proportionate to the stature and bulk of the deceased, they place the body in a tub three feet high, two feet and a half in diameter at the top, and two feet at bottom. It is difficult to conceive how the body of a grown person can be compressed into so small a space, when the limbs rendered rigid by death, cannot be bent in any way. The Japanese to whom I made this observation, told me that they produced the result by means of a particular powder called *Dosia*, which they introduce into the ears, nostrils, and mouth of the deceased, after which the limbs, all at once, acquire astonishing flexibility. As they promised to perform the ceremony in my presence, I could not do otherwise than suspend my judgment, lest I should condemn, as an absurd fiction, a fact which, indeed, surpasses our conceptions, but may yet be susceptible of a plausible explanation, especially by galvanism, the recently discovered effects of which also appeared at first to exceed the bounds of credulity. The experiment accordingly took place in the month of October, 1783, when the cold was pretty severe. A young Dutchman having died in our factory at Dezima, I directed the physician to cause the body to be washed and left all night exposed to the air, on a table placed near an open window, in order that it might become completely stiff. Next morning several Japanese, some of the officers of our factory, and myself, went to examine the corpse, which was as hard as a piece of wood. One of the interpreters, named Deshy, drew from his bosom a *santock*, or pocket-book, and took out of it an oblong paper, filled with a coarse powder resembling sand. This was the famous *Dosia* powder. He put a pinch into the ear, another pinch into the nostrils, and a third into the mouth; and presently, whether from the effect of this drug, or of some trick which I could not detect, the arms, which had been crossed over the breast, dropped of themselves, and in less than twenty minutes, by the watch, the body recovered its flexibility. I attributed this phenomenon to the action of some subtle poison, but was assured that the *Dosia* powder, so far from being poisonous, was a most excellent medicine in child-bearing, for diseases of the eyes, and for other maladies. An infusion of this powder, taken even in perfect health, is said to have virtues which cause it to be in great request among the Japanese of all classes. It cheers the spirits and refreshes the body. It is carefully tied up in a white cloth and dried, after being used, as it will serve a great number of times without losing its virtues."

☞ "The aspiring disposition of our people," says the *Boston Christian Examiner*, "is shown in the names which they give to their children. All the heroes and heroines of romance run barefoot about our villages."

THE HEART'S FREEDOM.

Oh, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,
A wave of the ocean! a bird on the wing!
A rideriess steed o'er the desert plain bounding,
A peal of the storm o'er the valley surrounding;
It spurns at all bonds, and it mocks the decree
Of the world and its proud ones, and dares to be free!

Oh, the heart may be tamed by a smile or a tone
From the lip and the eye of a beautiful one;
But the frown and the force with its impulse contending,
Ever find it as adamant, cold and unbending;
It may break, it may burst, but its tyrants will see
That even in ruins it dares to be free!

BRAHAM AND INCLEDON.—A strong jealousy subsisted between these two singers. The very sight of his more popular rival was wormwood to Incledon. One morning the latter and Power were breakfasting with Street, the editor of the Courier, at Brighton, when Braham dropped in. Incledon sat sullenly discussing his prawns and bohea; and, when breakfast was over, took Power's arm and led him down to the beach. Here they walked in silence, until Incledon, suddenly disengaging his arm, uplifted his hands over the waters, and poured forth a song, at the full extent of his magnificent voice. "There!" exclaimed he, triumphantly; "let the little Jew boy do that!"
—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

☞ John Knox, in his *First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*, remarks it as an opinion entertained by some, "that *men subject to the counsel and empire of their wives, were unworthy of all public office.*"

FROM CALIFORNIA.

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE—GREAT FIRES, ETC.

The steamer Ariel brings dates from California to the 21st ult.; also $1,470,000.

The U. S. sloop St. Mary's was still at Panama, and the sloop Saratoga at Aspinwall. All well.

The Vigilance Committee was still in unlimited sway at San Francisco up to the sailing of the steamer. The Governor had attempted to come to some understanding with the Vigilance Committee, but they could not agree. The Committee would not agree to release Judge Terry, unless he pledged himself to resign the Chief Justiceship, which he refused to do. A correspondent of the Tribune says:—

"Terry's refusal to resign effectually checked all negociation. Terry's friends made a portion of this matter public through the press—the Governor's Committee was misrepresented—the Governor intimating through his organs that it had not only overstepped the bounds of discretion, but gone far beyond its delegated authority, and hence Messrs. Zabriskie and Allen, in self-justification, came out with the whole story. The Governor replied through the press, taking it all back, by saying he never authorized them to negotiate at all; and they issued another manifesto, reasserting that he did. As the Governor gave them verbal instructions only, they cannot draw the papers on him, but the public believes the Committee in opposition to his Excellency. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

"The Governor, because of his vacillating, pointno-point course, has been left without a friend of influence. In fact, he has taken to the mountains, and since the 4th instant has, with his family, been buried in the deep recesses of the Yuba woods. Being without power and unfit to wield it, and without respect, because of his strange conduct in this matter from the beginning until now, it is doubted by many whether he will return to the capital and attempt to resume the reins of Government.

"Hopkins is getting better, and it is now believed will survive the wound. The Vigilance Committee is trying Terry. Over one hundred witnesses have been examined. What it will do with Terry cannot be told, out the Governor's Committee, from all the facts before it, are of the opinion that if he does not resign, he will be banished from California—not to the Atlantic States, whence he could soon return, but to some of the islands in the Pacific, where his opportunities for coming back will be few. Notwithstanding his loud asservation that he will not resign, it has been semi-officially published, and as yet goes uncontradicted, that some two weeks before negotiations were commenced, and while Hopkins's life was hourly despaired of, he wrote his resignation and placed it in the hands of his friends, to be used as circumstances might suggest.

"The Law and Order, or Governor's party, has given up in despair, and is making no attempts to resist the power of the Committee, as such a course, under present circumstances, would be sheer folly. Without arms, ammunition or men, and, above all, without public sympathy, it has just sense enough to be quiet, and await with anxiety the response of the Pierce Cabinet to the Governor's demand for assistance. The Post-Master of this city, Col. F. Forman, was sent a month since with despatches from the Governor to the President, beseeching aid to quell the rebellion. Whether or not the request will be granted will make no difference. The Vigilance Committee, by the time reinforcements or orders can arrive, will be through, and all the General Government can do will be to assist, if necessary, in bringing the insurgent leaders to trial. If they shall be convicted, they will be pardoned, and there will be an end of it."

The Committee have been examining into the corruptions which prevailed, and report many monstrous facts. Miserable rowdies like Casey and "Billy Mulligan," held sinecures of $250 a month; every sheriff, as displaced from office, had carried off his office papers and books for private purposes, and to conceal peculation; thousands upon thousands were paid for work never performed, and "Jim Grant," the ex-barber, had charged and received seven thousand dollars for making a record which it was his duty to do without extra pay.

T. B. Cunningham, J. R. Molyn) (for the protection of whom from the Vigilance Committee Judge Terry stabbed Hopkins,) Dan Aldrich, Alexander Peorple, and Thomas Mulloy, were shipped east by the steamer of the 5th. Cris. Lilly, who killed McCoy in a prize fight at Westchester, New York, in 1842 or '43, was arrested by the Vigilance Committee on the 8th, and was let go in a few days on giving security to leave by the steamer of to-morrow. Some five or six others of less notoriety have been arrested. Three of them, accused of election frauds, have been released on giving bonds to leave to-morrow.

Charles E. Kaid, one of the parties engaged in seizing the State arms from the schooner Julia, has been held to bail in $25,000 for piracy.

Edward McGowen, one of the accomplices in the murder of James King, was seen at South Barbara, en route for Lower California. An armed schooner, with a large force on board, was forthwith despatched for him by the Committee. The regular authorities also sent in pursuit of him, without effect. At the latest dates his capture was considered certain.

Philander Brace, one of the murderers of Captain West, is in the hands of the Committee, and his execution was daily looked for.

Unanimously signed petitions and a great mass meeting had called upon the city officials to resign their posts. All but two had positively refused compliance.

The newly appointed Board of Supervisors had declared vacant the offices of Sheriff, Coroner and Assessor, and appointed others to fill the vacancies. The incumbents, however, refused to abdicate.

The accounts from the mines were favorable, and the crops every where were abundant.

Placerville, the largest town in the county of El Dorado, was wholly destroyed by fire on the 6th instant. But four houses, and those of brick, were saved. The loss is variously estimated at over $600,000.

Georgetown, another town of considerable importance in the same county, was also wholly destroyed by fire on the day succeeding. The loss is about half of the former. A few days since two entire blocks were burned in the thriving city of Marysville. Loss over $200,000.

At 4 o'clock last evening a fire broke out in the town of Nevada—the fifth largest in the State—and spread from building to building till the whole business portion was consumed. The express offices, banking-houses, churches, school-houses, public buildings and public records all fell before it. The only buildings that escaped are those of Dr. Albans, apothecary. Dr. Clark, do., Miet's boot store, Kohlman's clothing establishment and Potter's store Several persons—such was the rapidity with which the flames licked up everything, and the confusion in the strife to save valuables—were burned to death How many is not yet known, but among those who have thus untimely perished are A. J. Hager, banker, J. Johnson, ex-Deputy Surveyor, P. Hendrickson, merchant, S. W. Fletcher, late District Attorney, Wm. Anderson, of the Nevada Democrat, and G. A. Young, merchant. The loss is estimated at from two million to three million dollars—it will undoubtedly exceed two million dollars.

The mining towns being constructed principally of wood, which the late warm weather has parched and almost ignited, give full and free scope to this dangerous element. In San Francisco, Sacramento, &c., where brick edifices predominate, where there is a plentiful supply of water and well organized fire departments, the monster can be battled with, but in the mountains, where in whole or in part these things are wanting, it devours almost without opposition.

Capt. A. A. Richie, of the firm of Richie, Osgood & Co., San Francisco, and owner of the celebrated Suisun ranch, fell from his buggy on the 9th inst., and was instantly killed. It is supposed he had an apoplectic fit.

John Blunt, a miner, was shot dead at Yreka, on the 4th of July, by James Millhouse, a Deputy Sheriff of Siskiyou. The miners attempted to lynch Millhouse, but were prevented by the Sheriff's posse.

Several failures have occurred in San Francisco, since the departure of the previous steamer. Among them are B. Nason & W. H. Dusen, for $11,000; W. T. & G. T. Boardman, for $43,500; Afton Welch & Co., $45,000; R. H. Elam, $55,000; R. H. French, A. Walrath & F. Neufender, $83,000; M. Cohen & B. Rosenwig, $80,000; S. J. Simon $8,000, with several others who have applied for the benefit of the Insolvent Act. The destruction by fire of Placerville, Georgetown and Nevada, with all the goods contained therein, and a portion of Marysville, will add, it is thought, fearfully to this list. These towns were largely indebted to San Francisco, and cannot, of course pay anything. From the 20th of June to the 1st of July, Marriott & Wheeler, of San Francisco, failed for $109,000, Lauminster & Roll, for $12,000, L. L. Worth, for $90,000, and Ethan Bois, for $38,000. A general crash is expected.

The Vigilance Committee has arrested Alfred A. Green and his two brothers, all of whom are now confined in "Fort Gunny Bags," as the Committee Rooms and Prison are called. He claims to have the title deeds to the Pueblo lands of San Francisco, and long since offered to sell them to the city for the sum of $50,000, and no less. He, Alfred, it is said, obtained them by force and fraud from Toonsco Vasquey, an old Pueblo officer, entitled to their custody. It is said the Committee intend holding on to the Greens till they get the papers.

Miss Gwin, daughter of ex-Senator Gwin, while on a visit to Napa Springs, was thrown from her horse, and severely injured.

It has been reported to us that Gen. Wool, now at Napa springs, is dangerously ill.

The various regiments of the Committee of Vigilance are frequently out on parade, and are the recipients of beautiful flags and banners from the sisterhood of the city. The regiments are formidable and well disciplined, and their uniform consists of plain black pants, frock coat, and flat glazed caps. A black belt, with a narrow red stripe on each edge, encircles the waist, and the officers carry heavy, sharp cavalry swords. Many of the companies are officered by graduates of West Point Academy.

The intelligence of the Cincinnati nominations had been received in California, and several ratification meetings had been held.

FROM OREGON.—The news from Oregon is unimportant. Indian hostilities are believed to have ceased. In Southern Oregon the war has closed, and the Governor has ordered the troops to be disbanded.

The U. S. frigate Independence, for whose safety fears were entertained, had arrived at Valparaiso.

MARKETS.—Business had been moderately active during the last fortnight, with a fair interior trade, and a moderate supply. Gallego Flour $15 ₱ bbl; Mess Pork $17 50; Butter 44c. ₱ lb; Adamantine Candles 24@25c; Crushed Sugar 10c.

TERRIBLE STORM IN THE SOUTH.—New Orleans, Aug 14.—A terrible storm occurred in this vicinity on Sunday, which lasted all day, as also all day on Monday. Its effects, however, were most disastrous at Last Island, a great summer resort, about half a days' sail from Galveston, and which our accounts represent to have been entirely inundated.

Every building on the island is said to have been swept away, and no less than *one hundred and ninety dead bodies have been found.* The survivors are many of them sufferers from wounds, bruises and broken limbs. They tell a pitiable story of their sufferings. They also report that the dead bodies were plundered by a set of pirates, and the baggage belonging to the survivors was mostly carried off by the marauders, who are said to be the inhabitants of the island. It is supposed that at least $10,000 in money was stolen from the pockets of the dead, and baggage valued at $5,000 was also carried off. The buildings destroyed are valued at $100,000.

The steamer Star, Capt. Smith, which left here on the 9th (Saturday), with a large number of passengers, encountered the storm before reaching Last Island, and became perfectly unmanageable; she soon after became a complete wreck.

The scene among the passengers was terrific, there being no less than two hundred and fifty passengers clinging to the wrecked fragments of the vessel, each anxiously waiting the arrival of some vessel to take them off. All were saved.

Caillon Island has also been submerged, but the accounts from thence are very meagre. It is reported, however, that an immense amount of property, and many lives have been lost.

The ships Bowditch and Ellserlie, as also the brig Creole, which were lying near the mouth of the river, have all been seriously damaged by the storm.

On the lake and river we also hear of numerous steamboats, flatboats, and other crafts being injured.

Nearly all the wharves at the watering places have been inundated, and the buildings thereon—bath houses, &c., &c.,—swept away. *Altogether the loss of property must be very heavy,* but it is impossible now to calculate the amount. The crops, it is feared, have also suffered severely. The storm continued with great violence from Sunday until Tuesday evening, and during 48 hours not less than fourteen inches of rain fell by the gauge at the Government Hospital, Baton Rouge. The storm extended up the river as far as heard from, and intelligence of further damage to property and loss of life may be anticipated.

"UNCLE TOM" AGAIN IN LONDON.—The London Times, of the 29th ult., has the following item:—

"Yesterday afternoon a long line of carriages, drawn up before Stafford House, the residence of the Duchess of Sutherland, declared to the west end world that some new attraction had brought together several members of the higher circles. Mrs. M. E. Webb, a lady of color, daughter of a Spanish gentleman and of a fema'e slave of Virginia, had recently arrived in London, bringing with her a dramatized version of Uncle Tom's Cabin, composed by Mrs. Stowe herself, for the purpose of a public reading, and the hall of the splendid mansion in St. James' had been granted to her by the Duchess, as the site of the entertainment. Placed behind a reading desk, Mrs. Webb read in a clear voice, and with great signs of intelligence, the interesting scenes that had been prepared for her, and which comprised the most celebrated dialogues and incidents in the celebrated novel. Without exactly acting the different parts, she discriminated them with a great deal of nicety, and the dark hue of her delicately formed countenance gave a characteristic tone to the performance. The Earl of Shaftesbury and several distinguished adherents of the philanthropic party were among her audience, which could scarcely be surpassed in brilliancy."

KANSAS.—Letters published in the papers of New York and Boston, leave no doubt of the correctness of the telegraphic despatch announcing that the Kansas emigrants from the Free States, who marched overland through Iowa, had arrived safely at their destination. About five hundred emigrants have thus succeeded in entering and settling in Kansas. Two excellent railway and stage routes across Iowa to the Nebraska frontier, are now in operation. The first is by railway from Davenport to Iowa City, and hence by stage to Council Bluffs. The second is by railway from Burlington to Mount Pleasant, and thence by stage to Otoe, at the south-western corner of the State. The distance between Burlington on the Mississippi, and Nebraska City, on the Missouri river, is 290 miles, of which 27 miles is by railway, and the rest by stages. By the northern route it is 370 miles between Davenport, on the Mississippi, and Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, and 50 miles further from Council Bluffs to Nebraska City, on the way to Kansas. Of this route, 52 miles between Davenport and Iowa City are by railway. Great exertions are being made to push forward the railway intended to cover both routes, and thus Nebraska and Iowa both will be benefitted.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA PREPARING FOR AN INSURRECTION.—A letter from Vienna, in the Monitenr de l'Armee, says:

"On the 8th, the Emperor, as is the custom here, laid the last stone of the new city arsenal, whose construction has been ordered in consequence of the revolution of 1838. This immense edifice was commenced in 1853, and forms an oblong square, the facide of which is 740 metres in extent. At the four angles and on the three sides of the building have been raised fortified barracks of three stories, capable of containing 6,000 men, and forming so many bastions, defended by a powerful artillery, and furnished with loop-holes. These barracks are connected by bomb proof galleries, in which are contained ammunition and stores of every kind. The arsenal can contain two months' provisions for the 6,000 men, and would then stand a regular siege in the event of a popular rising."

THE GREATEST WONDER YET.—Calvin Edson, and all the fat women, dwarfs and giants, are eclipsed by a man now on exhibition at Havana, who was born without either legs or arms, but who, having tenaciously set himself to work to conquer the inconveniences naturally consequent upon such deprivation, has made himself a wonder by the variety of his feats. Among other things, he announces that he is able to spin a top with such perfection that it will hit any spot named, to spin a dollar over a table, to throw a sling, to take a sixpence from a table and put it in his left ear and take it out again, to make a knot with a halter, to thread a needle, to ascend and descend a ladder, to uncork a bottle with a cork screw, to load a fowling piece and kill anything designated, or put out a candle with a simple wad—quite wonders enough for a man without either legs or arms.

MONUMENT TO DOWNING.—A tasteful monumental stone, says the National Intelligencer, "to the memory of the late Andrew J. Downing," has just been placed in the Smithsonian grounds, by the friends of that valuable and lamented citizen. The monument consists of a large and massive vase, finely carved, resting on a block four feet square, with sunken panels, each containing appropriate inscriptions descriptive of the virtues and professional merits of the deceased, who was distinguished as a landscape gardener and writer on rural subjects. The entire structure is ten feet six inches high. The government and public of Washington are indebted to the taste and judgment of Mr. Downing for the beautiful arrangement of the parks and public squares of that city.

DARING GAME.—SWIMMING THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA.—A most daring and perilous feat was performed at Niagara Falls yesterday. A man named P. Jackson actually swam across Niagara river between the Falls and Suspension Bridge. This, we believe, is the first time the feat was ever attempted. It was successfully performed in the presence of a large number of spectators. Jackson is employed by the New York Central Railroad Company, and has established his reputation as an adventurer. He is the man who walked the ladder bridge from the ice, last winter, to Bird Island, above the Falls. This was deemed a daring feat but, to our notion, this last exceeds it in danger and boldness.—*Rochester Union, Monday.*

THE HOP CROP.—The drought has affected the growing hop crop in Otsego county, N. Y., and the fly has attacked the vine in several sections, effectually destroying the entire crop, which serves to alarm the operators more than any previous information, as this county is considered the grand hop garden of the State.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE ELECTIONS.—The accounts given last week are mainly correct. Kentucky, North Carolina, Arkansas, Alabama, and Missouri have been carried by the Democrats. Iowa by the Republicans. Benton's vote in Missouri is about 20,000. We shall give the official returns as soon as we have them.

ALABAMA.—The recent election in this State was only for Assessors and County Clerks. There was but very little excitement or contest.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The opponents of the Administration are generally uniting upon candidates for the October election. In Montgomery county—including also a portion of Philadelphia—D. H. Mulvany has been nominated for Congress.

WASHINGTON.—There is no truth in the rumor that Mr. Dobbin, at present Secretary of the Navy, is to supercede Mr. Mason as Minister to France.

The Cabinet has not ordered the discontinuance of the Kansas prosecutions.

The majority of the Naval Committee of the House have agreed to strike from the Senate bill amendatory of the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy, the sections authorizing promotions from the reserved list; while the minority simply propose to leave the entire matter to the President and the Senate. There is no prospect of final action on the bill this session.

OPINION ABROAD.—Nearly all the English, French and German papers, headed by the London Times, which in times past have almost invariably favored the candidates of the Democratic party, are now eulogizing the platform and principles of the Republicans and Col. Fremont.

MISSOURI.—It is said that before the recent election in Missouri, an arrangement was made between the Benton and anti-Benton parties, by which it was agreed that the electoral ticket of the party polling the greater number of votes at the Gubernatorial election should be considered the regular one, and the other withdrawn. The Benton electoral ticket has therefore been withdrawn. The St Louis Republican says that the greater part of the Benton votes, in St. Louis at least, will be cast for Fremont, for whom an electoral ticket will be forthwith nominated.

CALIFORNIA.—Large Democratic and Republican meetings have been held endorsing the nominations of Buchanan and Fremont. The "Law and Order" journals in San Francisco are for Buchanan—a Fremont paper is to be started.

NEW YORK.—A "straight Whig" Convention was held at Albany on the 14th, and largely attended. Francis Granger was chosen President, and delegates appointed to the Baltimore Whig Convention. Resolutions against Messrs. Buchanan and Fremont were adopted, and in favor of Mr. Fillmore.

IOWA.—The election of Davis, Republican, in the First Congressional District, as also that of Curtis, Republican, in the second, is now placed beyond all doubt. Davis's majority will be fully 5,000, while that of Curtis will be not far from 1,000.

THE FILLMORE ELECTORAL TICKET in Pennsylvania, contains the names of at least two men who are supporters of Fremont. These are G. W. Youngman, of the Fifteenth, and Caleb N. Taylor, of the Seventh District. Youngman, according to a Lycoming correspondent of the Pennsylvanian, has been actively engaged in distributing Fremont papers, and is well known in that region to be for the Republican candidate. The Doylestown Intelligencer also says, that Taylor was a member of the Philadelphia Republican National Convention which nominated Fremont, of whom he is an ardent supporter. There are also other names on the ticket which seem to us, from the antecedents of the persons named, extremely unreliable for Fillmore; but we await further developments. It is worth while, however, to bear in mind that the Convention which nominated this ticket refused to pass a resolution requiring the electors to pledge themselves to Fillmore and Donelson.—*North American.*

THE ELECTION IN OHIO.—At the election which takes place in this State in October, two Judges of the Supreme Court, a member of the Board of Public Works, member of Congress and county officers, are to be chosen. The people are also to vote upon an Act passed by the last Legislature incorporating the Bank of Ohio, which, however, does not become a law, unless a majority of all the votes cast at the October election shall be in favor of the law.

SECTIONAL TICKETS.—The idea that it has been unusual in this country to run Presidential tickets with both candidates from one section is a mistake, as witness the following nominations:—

For President.	*For Vice President.*
1808—Geo. Clinton, N. Y.	John Langdon, N. H.
1812—De Witt Clinton, N. Y.	Jared Ingersoll, Pa.
1816—Rufus King, N. Y.	John E. Howard, Mass.
1820—J. Q. Adams, Mass.	Richard Stockton, N. J.
1824—Andrew Jackson, Tenn.	J. C. Calhoun, S. C.
" J. Q. Adams, Mass.	Nathan Sanford, N. Y.
" W. H. Crawford, Ga.	Nathaniel Macon, N. C.
" Henry Clay, Ky.	Andrew Jackson, Tenn.
1828—Andrew Jackson, Tenn.	J. C. Calhoun, S. C.
" J. Q. Adams, Mass.	Richard Rush, Pa.
1832—W. H. Harrison, Ohio.	Francis Granger, N. Y.
" Hugh L. White, Tenn.	John Tyler, Va.
" W. P. Mangum, N. C.	Wm Smith, S. C.

VIRGINIA.—A Republican Association has been organized in Wheeling, and a committee appointed to take immediate steps towards the formation of a Fremont and Dayton electoral ticket for the State of Virginia.

TEXAS.—Partial returns of the election in Texas held on the 4th inst., have been received by the Louisiana from Galveston. The election was for Controller, Treasurer, Attorney General, and two members of Congress. The returns indicate the election of the Democratic candidates by increased majorities.

FRIGHTFUL EARTHQUAKE IN THE MOLUCCAS—THREE THOUSAND LIVES LOST.—The India mail brings intelligence of an eruption of an active volcano on the island of Great Sangir, lat. 3 deg. 50 min. N., loc. 125 deg. 50 min. E. The mountain of ARVA, 4,000 feet above the sea, suddenly, on the 2nd of March, discharged boiling water and lava, which destroyed for several miles extensive fields, crops, and groves of cocoa-nuts.

This frightful picture of destruction, the horror of which was increased by the shrieks of men and beasts, the wild roaring of the tempest, and the crashing of thousands of trees torn up and carried away, was followed, about an hour later, by peals of thunder, which shook the ground and deafened the ear. A black column of stone and ashes then shot up from the mountain to an immense height, and fell, illumined by the lave, like a shower of fire upon the surrounding country below, producing a darkness that, only now and then momentarily broken by the flashes of lightning, was so intense, that people could not discern objects close at hand, and which completed their confusion and despair. Large stones were hurled through the air, crushing whatever they fell upon. Houses and crops, which had not been destroyed by fire, sunk and disappeared beneath the ashes and stones, and the hill streams, stopped by these barriers, formed lakes, which, breaking over their banks, soon proved a new source of destruction. This lasted some hours. About midnight the raging elements sank to rest; but on the following day, about noon, they resumed their work of destruction, with renewed violence. In the meantime, the fall of ashes continued without intermission, and was so thick on this day that the rays of the sun could not penetrate through it, and an appalling darkness prevailed. Scarcely recovered in some degree from their fright, the inhabitants of this desolated part of Sangir were again disturbed by an eruption on the 17th of March, which destroyed many fields and a great number of trees on the Tabukan side. Since then the volcano has remained quiet.

The loss of life has been great. It is estimated as follows, in the undermentioned districts: Tarnna, men women and children, 722; Kandhar, men, women and children, 45; Tahukan, men, women and children, 2,039; total, 2,806 The greater number met their deaths in the gardens. They fled in all directions, but were overtaken and swallowed up by the fatal fire stream. Some tried to save themselves in the trees, but were either carried away with them or killed by the scorching heat.

BLOOMER'S COSTUME STILL IN USE.—At the recent marriage of Mr. John W. Hasbrouck, editor of the Whig Press, Middletown, New York with Drs. Lydia Sayer, editor of the Sybil, of the same place, the bride was dressed in the reform costume—skirt of white India hook, with pants of white satin, a basque of brocade silk (color ashes of roses), trimmed with deep lace. No ornaments except a simple breastpin. The ceremony was performed by themselves. The bride ignored that part of the accustomed marriage ceremony which demands of woman undue subjection and obedience, yet promised equality with the groom to stand true to his side in all the duties of life; each appealing to the other for their approval, and each consenting to the terms adopted by themselves. A short and very appropriate prayer was offered by the elder brother of the bride.

A "DISSOLVING VIEW."—During the heavy rain of Wednesday week, an octagonal house which a Mr. Richardson was building in Melrose, Mass., of clay, stones, and cement, was melted down to the level of the ground by the force of the rain. Mr. R. says the next time he builds he means to use "clay which has been heated enough to have a red look."

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

For Beef Cattle the market this week is firmer, and the sales show an improvement since our last of 25c ₱ 100 lbs. There were 418 head offered at the scales, 210 of which were driven to Philadelphia, and the balance (208 head) were taken by Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $3 to $4.37½ on the hoof equal to $5 @5 50 net, and averaging $3,75 gross. But few prime Cattle offered.

HOGS—There been coming forward pretty freely, and the market was dull and drooping. The sales at the scales were made at $5@5 50 ₱ 100 lbs. These figures are a decline of 25c ₱ 100 lbs on last week's rates.

SHEEP.—Sheep are scarce and in better demand, and the sales are making at rather higher prices than were obtained last week.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
August 15th, 1856.

The market for Dry Goods has been more active this week. Some of the large Western dealers are still buying, and our City Jobbers have taken the same freely, in anticipation of an early opening of the Fall trade. There are no material changes in Goods. Brown and Bleached Cottons keep well up and firm, particularly heavy goods, which have an upward tendency. Prints are also rather scarce, and all desirable styles bring full prices. Drills are held fully up to the receipts. Stripes, Ticks, and Checks are firmly held, and fair sales. Ginghams are unchanged. Flannels and Blankets have been in good request. Of Cloths, Cassimeres, and Satinetts the sales have been moderate. Shawls meet with a steady demand, without change in value. Foreign Staff Goods are realizing fair prices, and silks are firmly held at advanced rates. Linens are also firm.

In the Produce markets the transactions have been only moderate for the season. Breadstuffs meet with a limited demand, and prices generally tend downward, under the advices from abroad. Bark continues scarce, and on the advance. The Coal Trade is more active, but the scarcity of vessels checks the demand. Iron is held firmly; the transactions, however, are light. Seeds continue in request, something of a speculative movement, and more doing at about previous rates. Groceries and Provisions remain inactive, and without any material variation to note. Hemp, Hides, and Leather continue buoyant, but the want of stock limits operations. Naval Stores are firmer and Spirits Turpentine has further advanced. Oils—Most kinds are tending upward. Plaster is scarce. Rice remains quiet. Seeds are scarce, and the sales mostly to a small way, at full prices. Whiskey is dull, and lower, and the market for Wool has been rather quiet, but without change in quotations. In other articles there are no marked changes to note since the close of last week.

ASHES.—Small sales of both kinds within the range of quotations.

BARK.—Continues scarce and in request, and first No. 1 is wanted at an advance, a small sale having been made at $38 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales continue light.

BEESWAX.—There is very little offering or selling, and yellow is quoted at 26@27c ₱ lb, holders generally asking the latter rate.

BOOTS.—Continue active and in request, and first No. 1 is wanted at an advance, a small sale having been made at $33 ₱ ton. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales continue light.

BREESWAX.—There is very little offering or selling, and yellow is quoted at 26@27c ₱ lb, holders generally asking the latter rate.

CANDLES.—Adamantine are steady, with moderate transactions to note at 23@25c; most of the manufacturers have sold largely ahead; nothing new in other kinds, and sales limited.

COAL.—The market is steady, and orders are coming in more freely, but the scarcity of vessels checks business. Allegheny Coal continues dull.

The amount of Coal brought down by Railroad and Canal for the week is as follows:—

	This Week.	Season.
Schuylkill Canal	20,322	5 2,000
Reading Railroad	51,727	1 291,244
Lehigh "	29,498	630,356

COFFEE.—Is inactive, but without any material variation to note in prices; the receipts and sales continue light, and only some 300 bags have changed hands, principally Rio, within the range of Seattle, on the usual terms, including an auction sale of 1100 bags, slightly damaged, at 9¼@10c, averaging the cash.

LOGWOOD.—The market opened with a better feeling under the advices from abroad, but buyers have come to hand slowly, and some 1500 bales have been taken in lots. Sellers on speculation, at about previous rates, which have ruled somewhat irregularly, ranging from 11½ to 12½c for Uplands and Island for Cuba, cash and time. The bulk of the sales were of the former description.

FEATHERS.—Receipts and sales continue light and a small business only to notice in Western at 50@55c, the latter for prime lots.

FISH.—The market continues inactive, with small receipts and sales of new Mackerel, mostly from store at $7@8,50 for medium 3's; $8,5 a7 for large do; $8 25@9 for 2's small, and $12 @13 for large do, the latter for extra quality. Herring and Codfish remain quiet.

FRUIT.—There is little or nothing doing in foreign fruit, for the want of stock, and sales are limited to small lots from store at about previous rates. Green fruit is coming in more freely, and brings good prices.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Business has been mostly in a small way, without change in quotations, and the only sales we hear of are 400 tons Soda Ash, 150 tons St. Domingo Logwood, and 10 casks Bichromate of Potash, all on terms not public.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been unsettled and drooping under the advices from abroad, and buyers are holding off for lower prices, which are 25@50 cts ₱ bbl lower than at the close of last week; the receipts, however, are light, but the demand is limited at the decline, and only about 3000 bbls have been disposed of, in small lots, mostly for shipment, at $5,5 87 ₱ bbl, for selected brands, made from wheat; the closing sales were at our lowest figures. Included in the transactions were some 500 bbls of Western Flour, at $5 25@5,50, the latter for late imported, and some Flour at $5,25@5 50 ₱ bbl The demand for home consumption has also been limited, within the range of $5,50@7 for common and good brands, and $7,50@8,50 ₱ bbl for extras, according to brand and freshness. Rye Flour remains quiet but scarce, with further small sales at $3,6,4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also scarce, and with a moderate inquiry prices of fresh bbls having been made at $3,87½ for Pennsylvania, and $4,25 ground Meal have advanced considerably; sales of 1200 ₱ bbl for Brandywine. The inspections for the week are 11,452 bbls Flour, 85 bbls Corn Meal, and 231 bbls Rye Flour.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat has been unsettled and drooping during the past week, and prices have fallen off 10@15c ₱ bush; but at the close there was more offering, and part of the decline had been recovered. Sales include 45,000 bush, mostly new Southern, at 150@160c for fair to prime Reds, and 155@170c for White, as in quality; including old stock at 150@146c, afloat and in store; the closing sales were at 150c for prime Reds, and 160c for White, afloat. Rye has met with a steady demand at previous quotations, closing at the highest figures. Corn, under a limited demand, in the absence of receipts, has declined considerably since last week, and only about 20,000 bush have found buyers at 62@63c for good Yellow, and 45@50c for inferior lots. We quote in day at 58 cts, holders asking the latter rate for Prime Yellow, afloat. Oats are lower, with sales of 30,000 bush at 38@39c for old Pennsylvania, and 37@39c for new Southern, afloat and in store, closing at the lowest figures.

GUANO.—There is an active business doing in both Peruvian and Colombian, without change in prices, which rule steady and firm.

GINSENG.—Nothing doing in Crude for the want of stock.

HEMP.—The market remains quiet. The stock is pretty much all in the manufacturers' hands, and prices are firm and advancing.

HIDES.—Market buoyant and firm, but the want of stock limits operations, and we hear of no sales this week.

HOPS.—Remain dull, and a small business only to notice, at 12@15c for Eastern and Western.

IRON.—The advices from abroad continue favorable, but the market has ruled rather quiet. Holders, however, are firm in their demands, and sales are limited to some 400 tons, mostly Anthracite, in lots, at $24 for No. 3, $25 for No 2, and $27 for No 1 quality. Scotch Pig remains inactive, and a small business only to note. Railroad Bars are more inquired for, and bring full prices.

LEAD.—Is lower, and a sale of some 3,400 pigs Galena was made, on arrival, at equal to 6@6,5½ ₱ 100 lbs, interest added.

LUMBER.—Remains dull. The receipts are light but the demand is limited, at $14 a 16 for White Pine, and $12@14 for Yellow Pine Boards. No further sales of Laths are reported at $1,87½ ₱ M for prime quality.

LEATHER.—Continues in active request, but the market being nearly bare, sales are confined to small lots at outside prices.

MOLASSES.—Continues in request, and scarce, at previous quotations, but no sales of any consequence have been made public.

NAVAL STORES.—Spirits Turpentine has further advanced, and sales of 450 bbls have been made at 44cents cash and time, and in small lots at 47c ₱ gallon. Rosin and Pitch are quiet. Tar there is more doing, and Wilmington is bringing $2, $2,5 ₱ bbl, as to lots.

OILS.—Most kinds are tending up and on the advance, with sales at 70c, closing with an upward tendency. Lard Oil is also scarce and high and prices range at 95@$1 for Summer and Winter. Crude Whale is bringing better prices, but the sales are mostly in a small way from store at 38@40c; 3,000 gallons dark sold at the former rate, and 5,500 gallons David Thain & Co.'s Marginal Oil at 56c, usual terms. Sperm remains quiet. Red Oil is held at 20c, which is an advance.

PLASTER.—The receipts and sales continue light, and prices range at $2 5@3 ₱ ton, the latter for Soft.

PROVISIONS.—There is very little doing in barrelled Meats, but quotations are unchanged. Mess Pork is held at $17 a 17½, and City Mess Beef at $12@12½ ₱ bbl. Bacon is nothing as wanted, in lots, at 12@14c for Hams, the latter for fancy cured; 12c for Sides, and 10@10½c for Shoulders, as in quality. Green Meats are scarce, and generally held above the views of buyers. The only transactions to public notice are the extent of 25 casks Shoulders in salt, embracing nearly all in the market, at about 9½c, on the usual terms. Lard is firmly held, with small sales of bbls at 13@13½c, and kegs at 13½@14c. Butter is in better demand, for the supply of the home trade, at 14@15c for prime Western packed. Cheese—No change, and sales moderate.

RICE.—The sales are mostly in a retail way, but about 200 casks have changed hands at 4¾@5c ₱ lb, on time.

SALT is without alteration, all the recent imports of Liverpool Ground, some 3,400 sacks, and two cargoes of Turks Island, about 18,000 bushels, having been disposed of on terms not public.

SEEDS.—The receipts and sales continue light, and the transactions are mostly from second hands at $3@3,5c for Clover and $2,50c ₱ bushel for Timothy Seed, the latter for prime lots. Flaxseed is also scarce at $1,85@1,75 ₱ bushel for domestic. Of Red Top, sales are making at $4,25 ₱ cwt, of 5 bushels.

SPIRITS.—The prices of Brandy and Gin are firm, but the demand continues limited. N E Rum is scarce at 30@30 cents. Whiskey moves off slowly and at rather lower figures, prices ranging at 27@28c for bbls, and at the same rate for bbls, the latter for Drudge.

SUGARS.—Holders are firm in their views, but there has been very little movement in the market this week, and sales are confined to some 400 hhds, principally Cuba, taken for refining, at 8½@9c, on the usual terms, and 300 boxes on terms not public.

TALLOW is firmer, with a small business to note in City Rendered at 9½ ₱ lb. The Butchers' Association ask more.

TEAS.—A fair trade demand for all kinds at steady rates.

TOBACCO.—Continues firm, with about the usual business to note in Manufactured. Leaf is scarce and high, with limited sales.

WINES are steady in price, with a small business doing for the supply of the trade.

WOOL.—The market has been rather quiet this week, but without any material variation in prices, and sales only reach about 125,000 lbs domestic, part to go East, at 40c for No 1, and Merino pulled, 40@50 for common to full blood, and 55@55c for prime Fleece, on the usual credit, including some small sales of unwashed at 26@27c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle this week have been about 1,100 head. The demand was active and all offered were disposed of within the range of $7,50@8, a few very extra realized $8 ₱ 100 lbs. Prices were firmer towards the close of the market than for some weeks past. There is very little improvement in the quality of the stock generally, though there were some very fine Cattle in market this week.

Mr. Strickland reports the following sales at his yard:

27 head of Ohio and Chester county, prime quality, inferior and fair quality, sold by Abel & Hickman, at $7@8.

15 Chester county, prime quality, brought $8,a10, sold by A. Rittenhaugh.

15 Chester county, sold by A. Kenedy at $7@8.

27 Ohio, sold by B. Vasbier at $7@8.

13 Ohio, good quality sold by T. Strickland at $7@7.

15 Chester county, prime quality, sold by J. Holmes at $8@8.

10, and 40 head, by different persons, at $7@8, as in quality.

The following sales were made at the Bull's Head:

100 head of Illinois, by B. Schoenridge at 7@8½c.

62 Virginia, by Cochran & Todd at same.

84 head of Virginia, by J. Meany at 7@8½c.

46 Ohio, by John Todd at 8@8½c, fair quality.

17 Lower Virginia, inferior and fair quality, at 7@8c.

20 Chester county, prime quality, at 9@10c sold by Hall & Underwood.

34 Chester county, by Scott & Kimber, prime quality at 9@10c.

100 Ohio, by J. Blubaker, at 7@8½, as in quality. The balance were sold by different persons within the range of 7@8.

Cows—Are in good demand, without change in price. Good Milch Cows with Calves command good prices. 200 head have been disposed of this week at Turbert's Avenue Drove Yard and on Thompson's, on Ridge Avenue, prices ranged from $ @ , as in quality.

Hogs—The demand continues active, and all offered find purchasers at $7,50@8 ₱ lbs, as in quality. 1,000 head were disposed of at Sumer's yard.

Sheep and Lambs are in active demand; 8@7,000 head were disposed of at $2,25@3 for poor, and $4@4,50 for fat Sheep. Lambs come in freely and find ready sale at $2,75@3,75, as in condition.

Mr. Torbert reports the following sales at his Avenue Drove Yard for the week: 60 Beeves, 1,500 Sheep, 100

FOUR DAYS' LATER FROM EUROPE.

CLOSE OF THE SPANISH OUTBREAK.

The Baltic, which arrived at New York on the 17th, brings Liverpool dates to the 6th.

The Cunard steamer Africa arrived out on the 3d inst.

SPAIN.—The most important news brought by the Baltic is the surrender of the insurgents at Saragossa to the Queen's troops, under Gen. Dulce. This occurred on the evening of the 1st, (Friday) when the Royal troops entered the city without opposition, and disarmed the citizens. No definite particulars have been received, but the whole seems to have been effected without bloodshed. All Spain has now submitted to the O'Donnell ministry. His future policy is not known, but it is reported that he is attempting to make up the quarrel with the Liberals.

A Madrid correspondent of the London Times sums up by saying, that if O'Donnell holds by his Manzanares programme, and convokes the Constituent Assembly to carry it out, much will be forgotten and forgiven to him. If he adopt the contrary course, he will be left to fight his own battle against the Court and the Moderados, Narvaez, Christina, and the Polacos, and would certainly be worsted. At present he seems to lean toward the wiser course.

FRANCE.—Gen. Pelissier has returned, and in reward of his services has been created a Duke.

A rumor prevails that the Emperor is suffering from a spine disease.

ITALY.—Italian affairs remain as unintelligible as ever. There are reports of a remonstrance to Sardinia, made by France in favor of Austria.

The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia are having an interview at Toplitz.

DENMARK.—Denmark proposes to fortify the Sound, and it is said that Russia advises it.

TURKEY.—A fire and explosion of powder at Salonica, Turkey, which occasioned the loss of 700 lives and much destruction of property.

LIVERPOOL, Aug 6.—The various commercial circulars, especially that of Messrs. Brown, Shipley & Co., report the Cotton market as firm, with an upward tendency of prices. The sales for the three days ending on Tuesday evening, were 21,000 bales, including 4000 bales to speculators, and 2000 to exporters. The closing prices showed an improving market. The Manchester advices are favorable.

The advices from the Grain crops are generally favorable, the fine weather still continuing. Prices for Breadstuffs have consequently undergone a considerable decline. Wheat is 2s6d lower, and Flour 2s6d per bbl. Corn is unchanged in price, but the business is limited.

The following are the closing quotations of yesterday:—Flour—Western Canal 24s6d; Southern 31s32s; Ohio 32s 33s. Wheat—Southern white 8s 11d@9s 1d. Southern red 8s 6d@8s; Western red 8s 8d@8s. Corn—Western yellow 20s 6d@20s; mixed 20s 6d; white 20s 3d@22s.

Provisions—The market has not changed since previous advices. Small sales of Lard have been made at 69s 70d.

Tallow—Business is very dull, and prices without change. Parcels of fine North American have been sold at 35s.

Naval Stores—Common Rosin is held at 5s 6d, but buyers are only willing to give 5s 4d@5s 5d.

Spirits of Turpentine is rather easier, with small sales at 34s 6d. Tar is quiet. Nothing is doing in Whale or Lard Oil.

London Money Market, Aug. 5.—The money market is tighter, and for temporary loans is in demand at 6s. Consols, for money, are quoted at 93¼@93¾.

The latest advices with regard to the money market are by telegraph from London, dated Tuesday evening, which state that the English funds opened firm at yesterday's quotations, but subsequently experienced a decline of ¼ per cent., (closing as above,) owing partly to the increased demand for money and the unfavorable accounts from the Paris Bourse, where the demand for money is active at the dearest market. At the Bank of Paris, this morning, the final quotations for French 3 per cents. was 70f 60c for money.

The silk crop of France has turned out so deficient that the manufacturers have made large contracts in foreign raw silk.

TARRING AND FEATHERING A PREACHER IN MISSOURI.—We come time since published a report of the tarring and feathering a preacher, and killing of an old man, a member of the Methodist Church, at Rochester, Mo., by a mob of the citizens of that place. The cause of the assault was stated to be the connection of the parties with the Methodist Church North. The following, from a well known and widely circulated religious paper, confirms the account:

From the Western Christian Advocate.

The Rev. A. Coleman, presiding elder on Mt. Vernon district, called at our office on Friday morning last, July 25th. He fully confirms the statement made in this paper three weeks ago, respecting the tarring of the Rev. Wm. Sellers, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Rochester, Mo. He had the account from brother Sellers' own lips. The mob gathered around him, determined to prevent his holding a meeting according to previous appointment. One man aimed a blow at his head with a club, which he warded off. He was then seized, amid great confusion and clamor, some urging that he should be killed on the spot, and others that he should be tarred. Finally the latter counsel prevailed.

He was then taken between two houses where a barrel of tar was placed, one end on the ground and the upper head open. Some then advised that he should be plunged into the barrel headforemost and suffocated in that way, others that he should be stripped and tarred, and others that the tar should be put on over his clothes. Finally it was determined that the tar should be put on over his clothes, which was accordingly done. His eyes and ears and hair were filled with it. In this dreadful condition he was allowed five minutes to determine whether he would quit the country or die on the spot. He left in company with another minister, who came to attend the same meeting, having arrived after the insult to Mr. Sellers. Both were pursued by the mob for several miles, Mr. Sellers covered with tar, and exposed in this condition to a burning sun. Mr. Sellers was so much exhausted by this inhuman treatment, as to be obliged to lie by for several days, when he found a place of safety. It was on the same occasion that the venerable father Holland was murdered, in the seventieth year of his age. How long shall this dreadful condition of things last? "Oh, Lord, how long?"

GRAIN AT THE WEST.—The receipts of grain at Chicago, Ill., for August, promise to be among, if not the largest, ever known. From all parts of the West but one account, it is stated, is received, and that an exceedingly favorable one, for grain. The quantity and quality are alike good, and the addition to the wealth of the country by the harvest of 1856 can be estimated only by millions of dollars.

A RELIC OF THE PAST.—A statement, copied from a German newspaper, says that, on the 22d of March last, some well diggers in Mayence excavated a part of a printing press, bearing the letters J. G., and figures 1,431. The initials are supposed to be those of Johannes Guttenberg, while the figures indicate that the press must be at least 415 years old.

$1,000 SALE.—Dr. Smith sold to Messrs. Fahnestock & Co., Electric Oil to the amount of $1,000; Purcell Ladd & Co., $1,000; S. S. Hance, $2,500

DR. SMITH'S "ELECTRIC OIL" is a *good remedy*, or would it make such cures, and would it sell *so fast?*

PORTLAND, ME., July 21, 1856.

A. E. Smith, M. D.: The box of Electric Oil came safe. Inclosed please find draft. I wish the entire State for ten years. Send more Oil and circulars, &c., &c.

S. H. HAY, Wholesale Druggist.

MOBILE, ALA.—Indianapolis, Aug. 5, 1856.—Dr. Smith, corner Walnut and Eighth, Phila.:—Your Oil came to hand and was in *good order*. I want 100 *gross* more at once, as the demand is getting to be great. Send advertisements, &c.

Yours truly, W. W. ROBERTS, Wholesale Druggist.

MOBILE—Charleston, S. C., 5th August, 1856.—A. E. Smith, Phila.:—Inclosed please find note for amount "Electric Oil"—$240 75, the amount of invoice. The Oil is selling well. Please print the inclosed names on your next circulars.

Oblige yours truly,

J. ASHMEAD, Wholesale Druggist.

MOBILE—Montpelier, June 23d, 1856.—Dr. Smith, Phila.:—Yours is at hand; also the medicine. It looks well. I desire the exclusive control of Vermont. Send me 100 dozen small, 50 dozen medium, and 25 dozen large, with circulars. Yours truly,

FRED. E SMITH, Wholesale Druggist.

AGAIN:—Montpelier, Aug 8d, 1856.—Dr. Smith: Inclosed please find draft and receipt of invoice. Send more Oil and bills. It sells well. Yours truly, FRED. E SMITH.

MOBILE—Chicago, July 29th.—Dr. Smith: Inclosed please find note $186, amt of invoice. The *Electric Oil* is selling well. We sold a good *many bottles yesterday*. Hope you will advertise as you know well how to do. The demand will be large.—Yours, KELLEY & CO.

Do you know that Dr Smith's genuine Electric Oil will cure Gravel, Kidney Complaints, Gout, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scaly Eruptions of the Skin, Ear, Tooth and Headache, Amaurosis, Cramps, Indolent Swellings, Tic Douloureux, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Weak Ankles, Limbs and Joints, (acute nervous pains instantly,) Burns, Felons, Wounds, Piles, (always.) Try it, and you won't wonder at its popularity. The genuine Dr. Smith's Electric Oil always signed *A. E. Smith*. Grand Central Depot, N. E. corner Walnut and Eighth streets, Philadelphia. Beware of Counterfeits

(P. R. Col. Wallace, the distinguished Editor of the Philadelphia Sun, says:—)

SMITH'S ELECTRIC OIL.—Among the many evidences of sympathy for those injured by the late railroad accident, we are pleased to see that Dr. SMITH has tendered the gratuitous supply of his Electric Oil, as well as the personal services of himself and lady. The Doctor has a heart "open as day to melting charity," and his valuable medicines deserve all the popularity they have attained.

FITS! FITS!! FITS!!!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Dr. HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system; and although these Pills were prepared especially for the purpose of curing Fits, they will be found of especial benefit to all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever. Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 103 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $14.

NO MAN CAN BE SO STUPID as to imagine that what was never yet done, can be done, unless by such means as were never yet attempted. Those who have never used Burnett's Snuff for Catarrh, had better try the experiment. It costs only 25 cents

CHILLS AND FEVER SUFFERERS.—Read the letter from *G. P. R. James*, the celebrated Author and British Consul in another column. aug6-2tsow

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.

BURNHAM, PEDERSEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
S. W. PEASE & Co., 28 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati.
S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

ANOTHER DUEL ON THE CARPET.—Dueling seems to be the order of the day, but providential y none of the recent invitations to pistols and coffee have come to a head. The latest deluge that way is the case of a young gentleman who had challenged another, but whose challenge was returned on the ground that the challenger was not a gentleman. The latter made himself look at least like a gentleman, by getting a new suit at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 206 and 207 Chestnut Street. About that time the difficulty was adjusted, and no blood was split but broad cloth damaged.

WISTAR'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM, a scientific combination of the active principle in the Wild Cherry Bark and Tar, is doing wonders in the way of alleviating all lung diseases. It seems to cure those obstinate cases that nothing else will reach.

MIZRAIM, THE SON OF HAM, some six years after the confusion of Babel, and about one hundred and sixty years after the Flood, was the first to design, and contribute to the construction of those noble edifices, the remains of which still form the study of the antiquarian; 'tis said that in recent explorations among the remains of these ancient noble cities, buildings have been exhumed, which for beauty and grandeur are excelled by none in this country, save the beautiful clothing establishment of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut Street.

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy to which it has been used:

DANVILLE, PA., July 8th, 1856.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took such large quantities of Laudanum that to the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of all the medicines that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and particularly that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a word that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have not had a single Fit; the *use of my limbs has returned*, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple boxes of BANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

Yours, truly, JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned, citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct in therein set forth.

William Kitchen,	C. B. Brown,
Geo. S. Sanders,	G. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones,	Thomas Woods,

J. B. MOORE.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 56 CHESTNUT St. aug2t-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 48 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. je7-tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of May, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. SAMUEL FISHER, to MARGARET W. JOHNS, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Wm. T. Bunker, Mr. RENE ESNAT, to Miss MARY E. J. WEARTENBY, all of Belmont.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. William Orie, Mr. D. C. WHITE, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss MARGARET FRANKLIN, daughter of John Franklin, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. E. Brown, Mr. CHARLES H EVERETT, to ANNIE M. daughter of Levi Brink, Esq. both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Doctor Clay, Captain JAMES MASON, to MARY P. TILLEMAN, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. C. J. Page, Captain THOMAS ROBAR, of Dennisville, Cape May county, N. J. to Miss MARY A. JOHNSON, daughter of Capt. Jacob Johnson, of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. William Urie, WILLIAM W. WORRELL, to ELIZA A. BIRCH, of Bucks county.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. WILLIAM RUPHY, to Miss ANNA THOMPSON.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, Mr. CHARLES LEVERING, Jr. to Miss ELIZA HESS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 5th instant, at Norristown, Pa. by the Rev. J. Y. Ashton, Mr. SAMUEL J. WALLACE, to Miss FRANCES O. SERANE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 2th of May, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. JOHN VANDUSEN, to Miss HARRIET POTS, both of this city.

On the 11th of June, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD B. COBB, to Miss CAROLINE M. KENNARD, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. William Hay, Mr. JOSEPH ARMSTRONG, to Miss EMMA JACKSON.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. J. Armstrong, the Rev. JOSEPH HARNBERGER, Pastor of the Strasburg charge, German Reformed Church, Franklin county, Pa. to Miss ANNIE M. KISSEY, of Hazelton, Luzerne county, Pa.

On the 10th of June last, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. GEORGE W. RICHARDSON, to Miss ELIZABETH HAMMER, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by Richard Vaux, Mayor, EDWARD LUDERS, to SALLIE P. HOLDMAN, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, ISAAC GEISLER, to MARY A. SIMON.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. LEAH A. SPECHT, daughter of T. Smith Lister, aged 33 years.

On the 13th instant, HUGH, son of James and Sarah Mullin, aged 6 years.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. HARRIET A. NEWLIN, aged 70.

On the 13th instant, ROBERT WOOLDRIDGE, aged 17 years.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM, son of Wm and Ellen Stickrier, aged 2 years.

On the 16th instant, JOHN D. CASKEY, aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. SARAH DORNAN, aged 65 years.

On the 13th instant, JOHN W. JARNET, aged 24 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. ELEANOR STIGELE, aged 68 years.

On the 12th instant, CATHARINE LACEY, aged 12 years.

On the 13 h instant, ARIANNA HENDPFER, aged 51 years.

On the 11th instant, THEODORE, son of Isaac and Elizabeth Wilson, aged 4 years.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH N. RUSSELL, aged 16 years.

On the 11th instant, ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of Elijah and Jane Rothwell, aged 12 months.

In South Camden, on the 11th instant, AMANDA, widow of the late Archibald Beckett, aged 86 years.

On the 11th instant, ROBERT WILSON, aged 56 years.

On the 12th instant, WALTER GRACE, aged 60 years.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM MARION, son of Wm. and Sarah Low, aged 5 years and 3 months.

On the 12th instant, WILLIAM PATTON, aged 21 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARIE REVOIRE, aged 7 years and 6 months.

On the 10th instant, RACHEL C. PEYCE.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARGARET A. BOGUS, aged 31.

On the 11th instant, Miss SARAH A. POWELL, aged 18 years.

At Burlington, N. J. on the 11th instant, ELIZABETH ALLISON, aged 82 years.

On the 11th instant, ELIZA, daughter of Geo. Borrowes.

On the 8th instant, JOSEPHINE, daughter of Jos. and Ann M. Tatem, aged 16 months.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SLOMAN, aged 27 years.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JOHN W. DORMAN, aged 35 years.

On the 9th instant, FREDERICK KITCHEN, son of Jas. and Margaret Gebhart, aged 9 years.

On the 10th instant, Mr. JOHN SICK, formerly of Rising Sun, aged 41 years and 2 months.

On the 9th instant, ROBERT, son of Dennis and Jane Donohue, aged 12 years.

On the 10th instant, JANE DUER, aged 70 years.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. JANE MOORE, aged 51 years.

On the 10th instant, SAMUEL LEIPER, son of Moore and Margaret McAfee, aged 21 months.

On the 10th instant, JAMES LOCKHART, aged 12 years.

On the 8th instant, CHARLES MURRAY, son of Thos. L. and M. Antoinette Evans, aged 1 year.

On the 10th instant, ANIBAL WINN, aged 20 years.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ELEANOR SAMUEL, aged 87 years.

On the 5th inst. and, EMMA DICKIE, daughter of David C. and Henrietta Bosworth.

On the 13th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Geo. Tufts, aged 40 years.

On the 13th instant, ELIZABETH, daughter of Charles and Sarah Willey, aged 2 years and 5 months.

THE "UNABRIDGED" IS THE "BEST."

SMUCKER'S LIFE OF FREMONT,

CONTAINING ALSO HIS REPORTS, UNABRIDGED,

of which

THE THIRTIETH THOUSAND IS NOW READY!

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MRS. STOWE'S NEW NOVEL!

On the First of September, we shall Publish

DRED:

A TALE OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP,

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c., &c.

In Two Volumes, 12mo. Price $1.75.

No apology is necessary for the announcement of another

ANTI-SLAVERY NOVEL,

from the author whose former book made so profound an impression in this country, and whose fame is now co-extensive with civilization.

The present work is pronounced, by those who have read it, superior to "Uncle Tom," in breadth of conception, in development of character and principles and in the overwhelming power and interest of the story.

The contest between the institutions of Freedom and of Despotism is approaching a crisis; no man or woman can be indifferent as to the issue; and a work like this, which shows the legitimate fruits of American Slavery under the laws, cannot but excite great and universal interest.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,

13 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

The following chapter will enable the public to judge of the quality of what is coming:

FRANK RUSSEL'S OPINIONS.

Clayton was still pursuing the object which he had undertaken. He determined to petition the Legislature to grant to the slave the right of seeking legal redress in cases of injury; and, as a necessary step to this, the right of hearing testimony in legal action. As Frank Russel was a candidate for the next State Legislature, he visited him for the purpose of getting him to present such a petition.

Our readers will look in on the scene, in a small retired back room of Frank's office, where his bachelor establishment as yet was kept. Clayton had been giving him an exact account of his plans and designs.

"The only safe way of gradual emancipation," said Clayton, "is the reforming of law; and the beginning of all legal reform must of course be giving the slave legal personality. It's of no use to enact laws for the protection in his family state, or in any other condition, till we open to him an avenue through which, if they are violated, his grievances can be heard, and can be proved. A thousand laws for his comfort, without this, are only a dead letter."

"I know it," said Frank Russel; "there never was anything under heaven so atrocious as our slave code. It's a bottomless pit of oppression. Nobody knows it so well as we lawyers. But, then, Clayton, it's quite another thing what's to be done about it."

"Why, I think it's very plain what's to be done," said Clayton. "Go right forward and enlighten the community. Get the law reformed. That's what I have taken for my work; and, Frank, you must help me."

"Hum!" said Frank. "Now, the fact is, Clayton, if I were a stiff white cockatoo, and had a *D. D.* to my name, I should tell you that the interests of Zion stood in the way, and that it was my duty to preserve my influence for the sake of being able to take care of the Lord's affairs. But, as I am not so fortunate, I must just say, without further preface, that it won't do for me to compromise Frank Russel's interests, Clayton, I can't afford it—that's just it. It won't do. You see, our party can't take up that kind of thing. It would be just setting up a fort from which our enemies could fire on us at their leisure. If I go into the Legislature, I have to go in by my party. I have to represent my party, and, of course, I can't afford to do anything that will compromise them."

"Well, now, Frank," said Clayton, seriously and soberly, "are you going to put your neck into such a noose as this, to be led about all your life long—the bond slave of a party?"

"Not I, by a good deal!" said Russel. "The noose will change ends, one of these days, and I'll drag the party. But we must all stoop to conquer, at first."

"And do you really propose nothing more to yourself than how to rise in the world?" said Clayton. "Isn't there any great and good work that has beauty for you? Isn't there anything in heroism and self-sacrifice?"

"Well," said Russel, after a short pause, "may-be there is—but, after all, Clayton, is there? The world looks to me like a confounded humbug, a great hoax, and everybody is going in for grub; and, I say, hang it all, why shouldn't I have a share of the grub, as well as the rest?"

"Man shall not live by bread alone!" said Clayton.

"Bread's a pretty good thing, though, after all," said Frank, shrugging his shoulders.

"But," said Clayton, 'Frank, I'm in earnest, and you've got to be. I want you to go with me down to the depths of your soul, where the water is still, and talk to me on honor. This kind of half-joking way that you have isn't a good sign, Frank; it's too old for you. A man that makes a joke of everything at your age, what will he do before he is fifty? Now, Frank, you do know that this system of slavery, if we don't reform it, will eat out this country like a cancer."

"I know it," said Frank. "For that matter it has eaten into me pretty well."

"Now," said Clayton, "if for nothing else, if we had no feeling of humanity for the slave, we must do something for the sake of the whites, for this is carrying us back into barbarism, as fast as we can go. Virginia has been ruined by it—ran all down. North Carolina, I believe, has the enviable notoriety of being the most ignorant and poorest state in the Union. I don't believe there's any country in old, despotic Europe where the poor are more miserable, vicious, and degraded, than they are in our slave States. And it's depopulating as; our men of ability, in the lower classes, who want to be respectable, won't stand it. They will go off to some State where things seem so. Hundreds and hundreds move out of North Carolina, every year, to the Western States. And it's all this unnatural organization of Society that does it. We have got to contemplate some mode of abolishing this evil. We have got to to take the first step towards progress, some time, or we ourselves are all undone."

"Clayton," said Frank, in a tone now quite as serious as his own, "I tell you, as a solemn fact, that we can't do it. Those among us who have got the power in their hands, are determined to keep it, and they are wide awake. They don't mean to let the *first* step be taken, because they don't mean to lay down their power. The three-fifths vote that they get by it is a thing they won't part with. They'll die first. Why, just look at it! There is at least twenty-four millions of property held in this way. What do you suppose these men care about the poor whites, and the ruin of the state, and all that? The poor whites may go to the devil, for all them; and as for the ruin of the state, it won't come to *their* day, and 'after us the deluge,' you know. That's the talk! These men are our masters; they are *yours*; they are mine; they are masters of everybody in the United States. They can crack their whips over the head of any statesman or clergyman, from Maine to New Orleans, that disputes their will. They govern the country. Army, navy, treasury, church, state, everything is theirs; and whoever is going to get up must go up on their ladder. There isn't any other ladder. There isn't an interest, not a body of men, in these whole United States, that they can't control; and I tell you, Clayton, you might as well throw ashes into the teeth of the north wind, as undertake to fight their influence. Now, if there was any hope of doing any good by this, if there was the least prospect of succeeding, why I'd join in with you; but there isn't. The thing is a fixed fact, and why shouldn't I climb up on it, as well as everybody else?"

"Nothing is fixed," said Clayton, "that isn't fixed in right. God and nature fight against evil."

"They do, I suppose; but it's a long campaign," said Frank, "and I must be on the side that will win while I'm alive. Now, Clayton, to you I always speak the truth; I won't humbug you. I worship *success*. I am of Frederick the Great's creed, 'that Providence goes with the strongest battalions.'

"I wasn't made for defeat. I must have power. The preservation of this system, whole and entire, is to be the policy of the leaders of this generation. The fact is, they *must* stand where it *must* be their policy. They must spread it over the whole territory. They must get the balance of power in the country, to build themselves up against the public opinion of mankind.

"Why, Clayton, moral sentiment, as you call it, is a humbug! The whole world acquiesces in *what goes*—they always have. There is a great outcry about slavery now; but let it *succeed*, and there won't be. When they can outvote the Northern States, they'll put *them* down. They have kept them subservient by intrigue so far, and by and by they'll have the strength to put them down by force. England makes a fuss now; but let them only succeed, and she'll be civil as a sheep. Of course, men always make a fuss about injustice, when they have nothing to gain by holding their tongues; but England's mouth will be stopped with cotton—you'll see it. They love trade and hate war. And so the fuse of anti-slavery will die out in the world. Now, when you see what a poor hoax human nature is, what's the use of bothering? The whole race together aren't worth a button, Clayton, and self-sacrifice for such fools is a humbug. That's my programme!"

"Well, Frank, you have made a clean breast; so will I. The human race, as you say, may be a humbug, but it's every man's duty to know for himself that he isn't one. I am not. I do not worship success, and will not. And if a cause is a right and honorable one, I will labor in it till I die, whether there is any chance of succeeding or not."

"Well, now," said Frank Russel, "I dare say it is so. I respect your sort of folks you form an agreeable heroic poem, with which one can amuse the tediousness of life. I suppose it won't do you any good to tell you that you are getting immensely unpopular, with what you are doing."

"No," said Clayton, "it won't."

"I am really afraid," said Russel, "that they'll mob you, some of these bright days."

"Very well," said Clayton.

"Oh, of course, I knew it would be very well; but, say, Clayton, what do you want to get up a petition on *that* point for? Why don't you get up one to prevent the separation of families? There's been such a muss made about that in Europe, and all round the world, that it's rather the fashion to move about that a little. Politicians like to appear to intend to begin to do something about it. It has a pleasing effect, and gives the Northern editors and ministers something to say, as an apology for our sins. Besides, there are a good many simple-hearted folks, who don't see very deep into things, that really think it possible to do something effective on this subject. If you set up a petition for that, you might take the tide with you, and I'd do something about it, myself."

"You know very well, Frank, for I told you, that it's no use to pass laws for that, without giving the slaves power to sue or give evidence, in case of violation—The improvement I propose touches the root of the matter."

"That's the fact—it surely does!" said Russel. "And, for that very reason, you'll never carry it. Now, Clayton, I just want to ask you one question. Can you fight? *Will* you fight? Will you wear a Bowie-knife and pistol, and shoot every fellow down that comes at you?"

"Why, no, of course, Frank. You know that I never was a fighting man. Such brute ways are not to my taste."

"Then, my dear sir, you shouldn't set up for a reformer in the Southern States. Now, I'll tell you one thing, Clayton, that I've heard. You made some remarks at a public meeting, up at K., that have started a mad-dog cry, which I suppose came from Tom Gordon. See here; have you noticed this article in the *Trumpet of Liberty!*" said he, looking over a confused stack of papers on his table.—"Where's the article? Oh, here it is."

At the same time he handed Clayton a sheet bearing the motto "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and pointed to an article headed

"COVERT ABOLITIONISM! CITIZENS, BEWARE!

"We were present, a few evenings ago, at the closing speech delivered before the Washington Agricultural Society, in the course of which the speaker, Mr. Edward Clayton, gratuitously wandered away from his subject to make inflammatory and seditious comments on the state of the laws which regulate our negro population. It is time for the friends of our institutions to be awake. Such remarks, dropped in the ear of a restless and ignorant population, will be a fruitful source of sedition and insurrection. This young man is supposed to be infected with the virus of Northern Abolitionists. We cannot too narrowly watch the course of such individuals; for the only price at which we can maintain liberty is eternal vigilance. Mr. Clayton belongs to one of our oldest and most respected families, which makes his conduct the more inexcusable."

Clayton perused this with a quiet smile, which was usual with him.

"The land of Job is in that thing," said Frank Russel.

"I'm sure I said very little," said Clayton. "I was only showing the advantage to our agriculture of a higher tone of moral feeling among our laborers, which, of course, led me to speak of the state of the law regulating them. I told nothing but what everybody knows."

"But, don't you know, Clayton," said Russel, "that if a fellow has an enemy—anybody bearing him the least ill-will—that he puts a tremendous power in his hands by making such remarks? Why, our common people are so ignorant that they are in the hands of anybody who wants to use them. They are just like a swarm of bees; you can manage them by beating on a tin pan. And Tom Gordon has got the tin pan now, I fancy. Tom intends to be a saint. He is a born bully, and he'll lead a rabble. And so you must take care. Your family is considerable for you, but, after all, it won't stand you in stead for everything—Who have you got to back you? Who have you talked with?"

"Well," said Clayton, "I have talked with some of the ministry—"

"And, of course," said Frank, "you found that the leading of Paul dance didn't indicate that *they* are to be martyrs! You have their prayers *in secret*, I presume; and if you ever get the cause on the upper hill-side, they'll come out and preach a sermon for you. Now, Clayton, I'll tell you what I'll do. If Tom Gordon attacks you, I'll pick a quarrel with him, and shoot him right off the reel. My stomach isn't nice about these matters, and that sort of thing won't compromise me with my party."

"Thank you," said Clayton, "I shall not trouble you."

"My dear fellow," said Russel, "you philosophers are very much mistaken about the use of carnal weapons. As long as you wrestle with flesh and blood, you had better use fleshly means. At any rate, a gentlemanly brace of pistols won't hurt you; and, in fact, Clayton, I am serious. You must wear pistols—there are so two ways about it. Because if these fellows know that a man wears pistols and will use them, it keeps them off. They have an objection to being shot, as this is all the world they are likely to have. And I think, Clayton, you can fire off a pistol in as edifying and dignified a manner, as you can say a grace on proper occasions. The fact is, before long there will be a row kicked up. I'm pretty sure of it. Tom Gordon is a deeper fellow than you'd think, and he has booked himself for Congress; and the means to go in on the thunder-and-lightning principle, which will give him the vote of all the rabble. He'll go into Congress to do the fighting and slashing. There always must be a bully or two there, you know, to knock down fellows that you can't settle any other way. And nothing would suit him better, to get his name up, than leading a crusade against an abolitionist."

"Well," said Clayton, "if it's come to that, that we can't speak and discuss freely in our own State, where are we?"

"Where are we, my dear fellow? Why, I know where we are; and if you don't, the time you did. Discuss freely? Certainly we can, on one side of the question; or on both sides of any other question than this. But this you can't discuss freely, and they can't afford to let you, as long as they mean to keep their power. Do you suppose they are going to let these poor devils, whites, get their bandages off their eyes, that make them so easy to lead now? There would be a pretty bill to pay, if they did! Just now, these fellows are in as safe and comfortable a condition for me as a party could desire; because they have got votes, and we have the guiding of them. And they rage, and swear, and tear, for our institutions, because they are fools, and don't know what hurts them. Then, there's the niggers. These fellows are deep. They have as long ears as little pit there, and they are such a sort of fussy set, that whatever is going on in the community is always in their mouths, and so comes up that old fear of insurrection. That's the awful word, Clayton! That lies at the bottom of a good many things in our state, more than we choose to let on. These negroes are a black wall; you never know what's at the bottom."

"Well," said Clayton, "the only way, the only safeguard to prevent this, is reform. They are a patient set, and will bear a great while; and if they only see that anything is being done, it will be an effectual preventive. If you want insurrection, the only way is to shut down the escape valve; for, will ye nill ye, the steam must rise. Yes see, in this day, minds will grow. They are growing. There's no help for it, and there's no force like the force of growth. I have seen a rock split in two by the growing of an elm-tree that wanted light and air, and would make its way up through it. Look at the aristocracies of Europe. They have gone down under this force. Only one has stood—that of England. And how came that to stand? Because it knew when to *yield*; because it never confined discussion; because it gave way gracefully before the growing force of the people. That's the reason it stands to-day, while the aristocracy of France has been blown to atoms."

"My dear fellow," said Russel, "this is all very true and convincing, no doubt; but you won't make our aristocracy believe it. They have mounted the lightning, and they are going to ride it whip and spur. They are going to annex Cuba and the Sandwich Islands, and the Lord knows what, and have a great and splendid slaveholding Empire. And the North is going to be what Greece was to Rome. We shall govern it, and it will attend to the arts of life for us. The South understands governing. We are trained to rule from the cradle. We have leisure to rule. We have nothing else to do. The Free States have their factories, and their warehouses, and their schools, and their internal improvements, to take up their minds; and, if we are careful, and don't tell them too plain where we are taking them, they'll never know it till they get there."

"Well," said Clayton, "there's one element of force that you've left out in your calculation."

"And what's that?" said Russel.

"God," said Clayton.

"I don't know anything about Him," said Russel.

"You may have occasion to learn, one of these days," said Clayton. "I believe He is alive yet."

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Wit and Humor.

A DOG STORY.

BY CHINQUOPIN.

We stepped into the telegraph office in Portland, Ohio, soon after it was first established—fortunately, just in the nick of time to witness the following amusing scene:

While the operator was explaining to us the mysterious working of the galvanic current and the *modus operandi* of its application in transmitting intelligence between distant places, a tall, and particularly ungainly specimen of the genus *homo*, stalked into the office. He was a muscular, brawny fellow, of the species *Pike*, and, to judge by his brusque manners and uncouth appearance, had always dwelt on the frontier, or somewhere near sundown, outside the pales of civilization. He showed the symptoms of a rapid walk, and hastily inquired:

"Telegraft office, eh?"

"It is, sir," replied the operator, politely.

"Runs from here to Dayton?"

"Yes."

"Good! I hev got a right smart job fur ye. I left thar afore sun up this morning, in sich an all-fired spluttur, that I clean forgot my dog at the tavern. He's a mighty powerful good dog, stranger, I tell ye—a cross betwixt a newfoundlander an' a regular bull—smart as a mountain cat, and stout as a grizzled bar. He ken whip his heft in wild cats every day, an' in wuth *hi-u-chickomin* to hunt Injins, an' that's jest whar I'm gwine. Now, I want you to telegraft him down here in double quick short meter, for the steamboats is gwine to leave in an hour, an' I wouldn't lose the critter for a heap."

We observed a comical expression flit over the operator's countenance as he pretended to note down a description of the missing quadruped, and answered, "All right, sir," to an assurance on the part of his excited customer that he "would drap in after the dog in half an hour."

When he returned, the first object which attracted his attention was a stump-tailed pug of the most diminutive proportions, which was tied to the leg of the operating table, and saluted him, as he entered, with a shrill bow! wow! wow!

"You are just in time, sir. Here is your dog, all O. K. Only a little out of breath, owing to the rapidity of his journey," said the operator, blandly.

"What?" interrogated Pike, striking an attitude expressive of astonishment which was too pregnant for words.

"Here, sir, tied to this table."

"W-h-a-t! that teeny sprinklin' uv fizzled hair, my dog! You don't mean to say that that thar dod derned, short-legged, little, squint-eyed, lop-eared, mangy beast is my dog? No, sir, that ain't my dog. Mine is the best dog in Oregon—a wallopin', big, supiendid animile—a reg'lar beauty—a two hundred pounder, sir? Phew! cuss a snake—"

At this point the speaker, having exhausted his vocabulary, stopped to take breath.

"Very singular! extraordinary singular, I may say. Has your correspondent made a mistake, and forwarded the wrong animal?"

"Mistake be cussed! It's a *reg'lar swindle*, sir. That blasted tavern-keeper up thar has stole my dog, an' sent me this infernal little runt in his place. What's the damage?"

"Nothing, sir, as you have failed to get the right animal," replied the operator, who joined us in an uproarious burst of merriment as Pike left the office, swearing "He was gwine up to Dayton to *scalp* that dod-rotted, dog stealing tavern-keeper."

How He Spelt Boots.—Recently, a Wall street broker, of considerable wealth, and who lives in great style in the west end of Gotham, purchased a fire proof safe in which to secure his valuables against the fiery elements, to which he affixed one of those beautiful pieces of mechanism, a combination lock. They are so strangely complicated that you may lock them, hand the key to the manufacturer, even, and the chances are one to ten thousand that he will not be able to open them. The wards and interior arrangements of these locks are alphabetically arranged, and you select a word in the language, take the letters and lock the words answering to these letters, one by one. Thus take the word "chair"—you lock C, then H, then A, then I, R. Now, it must be unlocked in the same way, and unless you hit upon the exact word you will never be able to unlock it. Well, the broker in question locked his new safe according to the word "boots," but after trying for an hour or more the next morning, he could not unlock it, and gave it up in despair.

And his funds were locked up, and he had no money to carry on his business that day, but as his credit was good, he raised sufficient for the purpose by borrowing of banks. The next day the manufacturer of the lock, according to request, called to ascertain the difficulty. He said he had no doubt he could unlock the safe, if the gentleman would tell him the word to which he locked it. "Boots" was the word, and to work he set to unlock it to "boots." Well, he tried, sanguine of success, tried again and again, but was no more successful. He tried an hour, two hours, three hours, with no success. Finally a thought struck him. He wiped the perspiration from his face, took a drink of water, examined the key again, and looked at the broker straight in the eye, and said:

"Sir, allow me to ask you how you spell boots."

"How do I spell boots?" said the other; "why, I spell it right—how do you spell it?"

"Oh, never mind," said the man of combination locks, "how I spell it."

"Well, then," said the broker, "*b-u-t-s*," to be sure."

"The deuce you do," said the lockman, "and if you spell boots, b-u-t-s, I will unlock the safe buts," and he did unlock it in the twinkling of an eye.

A Powerful Stream.—Barnes tells a good story of the power of the Philadelphia engines. In 1830 he was one of the "Old Dilly" boys, and as such very frequently was honored with the pipe. On one occasion Barnes was playing a stream "down the gutter," which attracted the attention of a large Newfoundland dog. The dog thought he would play with the stream, and commenced biting at it. Just here Barnes got a good shot at him, and sent a full stream down his throat, and with such force that it passed clear through the quadruped. Here Barnes was requested to "raise the stream." He did so, and up went the dog too. He endeavored to slide down, but it was no go. Every time he gained an inch he lost a foot. At last the boys were ordered to stop playing. They obeyed orders, when down came the dog from a height of some forty feet. The moment he struck the ground, he put for home with a velocity that could not have been increased had you fastened a Dutch oven and eight pie-pans to his tail.

Widows—They are the very mischief. There's nothing like 'em. If they make up their minds to marry, it's done. I knew one that was terrible afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house, (he was a widower,) and clasp her little hands, and fly around till the man was half distracted, for fear she should be killed; and the consequence was, she was Mrs. John Smith before three thunderstorms rattled over her head.

☞ "James, do you love your sister?" "Yes, sir." "Well, show me how you love her." The boy stood still, not knowing what to do. "James, how do I express my love of your mother?" "Oh! you give her some book bills, but I ain't got any."

Bleeding a Boarder.—George Peacock charged Daniel Howlet with the serious offence of obtaining ten dollars on false pretences from the said George. The charge was specified as follows:

Howlet keeps a boarding-house on the cheap cash principle; terms, ten dollars per month, *in advance*. Peacock engaged a month's boarding in advance, and, according to rule, prepaid ten dollars. The first day passed over smoothly, but when the hour of repose arrived, and Peacock was shown to his sleeping apartment in the garret of Howlet's house, he found that the couch which had been assigned to him was, in his own expressive language, "a perfect nest of bed bugs." As soon as he was undressed and under the coverlet, the whole swarm fell upon him in a moment, for the animals were as ravenous as so many steamboat passengers at the dinner table. Peacock bounced out of bed, feeling, as he averred, exactly as if his skin had been scarified all over with ignited lucifer matches.

As soon as he recovered from his first fit of astonishment, he called up the landlord, and desired to be shown to another chamber; but Mr. Howlet, the host, laughingly replied that a choice of apartments was not in the contract. Peacock then wished to annul the agreement, and take back the money he had paid in advance, but Howlet gravely remarked that this was "not the way to do business." He advised his dissatisfied boarder to jump into bed again and get to sleep, "for then (says he) you won't feel them; and when you get a little used to their nibbling, you won't mind it at all. Nobody has slept in that bed for several weeks (continued the landlord), and the poor things have had such a long fast that you can't blame them for being a little *voracious*; but when the wire edge is taken off their appetites, they won't nip you quite so hard."

Mr. Peacock refused to be comforted by this assurance, and after a night of inexpressible torment, he proceeded to the Mayor's office and made his complaint, as stated above. The charge of obtaining money on false pretences was founded on the supposition that Howlet had contracted to furnish him with conveniences for sleeping, which had not been done, as no man could possibly sleep in a bed which contained, according to Mr. Peacock's computation, at least half a bushel of bed bugs. Howlet contended that the contract was for *eating* conveniences only; nothing had been said about sleeping, and he thought it very liberal on his part to supply *any kind* of a bed where none had been bargained for. He was of the opinion that Mr. Peacock was "precious apt to find fault;" for the last gentleman who *slept in that bed* (observed Mr. Howlet) was *fond* of bugs, and I've heard him say that he wouldn't lodge where there was not any, for they tickled him very nice, and made him laugh himself to sleep.

Peacock was advised that he must seek a remedy in some court of civil jurisdiction.

Trying to the Taste.—A Hibernian, fresh from the green isle, having sufficient means to provide himself with a horse and cart, (the latter a kind he probably never saw before,) went to work on a public road.

Being directed by the overseer to move a pile of stones near by, and deposit them in a gully at the side of the road, he faithfully loaded his cart, drove up to the place, and had nearly finished throwing out his load "by hand," when the "boss" told him that that was not the way—he must tilt or dump his load all at once.

Paddy replied that he would know "bether" next time.

After loading again, he drove to the chasm, put his shoulder under the hub of the wheel, and upset cart, horse, and all, into the gully. Scratching his head, and looking doubtfully at his struggling horse below him, he observed that it was a mighty expeditious way, but "begorra, it must be very trying to the baste!"

Magnetism.—Rev. Dr. Scoresby, when he heard of the loss of the Tayleur, an iron ship, stated to a friend that he would venture, without knowing anything of the ship but her fate, to say that she was built with her head to the north. It turned out that she was built with her head to the north-east. Dr. Scoresby was led to his conclusion by having observed that iron has magnetism induced upon it by hammering, and when the bar thus magnetised is turned in an opposite direction and hammered again the magnetic poles are reversed. If an iron ship be built with her head to the north, the hammering will give her a magnetic polarity, which will have a certain effect on the magnetic needle of the compass. Her variation from this cause may be ascertained, and so long as the magnetic polarity of the ship continues the same, the compass may be as serviceable as if it were not affected by the ship. But when the ship sails and strands in the storm the waves in part hammer her over again, and if she sails in an opposite direction to that in which she was built, her magnetic poles get reversed, and a new variation of the compass is produced. The Tayleur was sailing to the south-east when she struck a rock, by an error of the compass, and hence Dr. Scoresby inferred that she must have headed in the opposite direction when built and had her poles changed by the water-hammer of the storm.

Advice to a Young Physician.—Let me strongly forewarn you against one frequent error. Young physicians often dream that by extending the circle of their private acquaintances, they must afford themselves the best chance of extending the circle of their private patients. In following out this chimerical view, much invaluable time is frequently lost; and, what is worse, habits of pleasure and indolence are often, with fatal effect, substituted for those habits of study and exertion that are above all price. No man will in any case of doubt or danger intrust to your professional care the guardianship of his own life, or of the life of those who are near and dear to his heart, merely because you happen to be on terms of intimacy with him. The self-interest of human nature forbids it. To have professional faith and confidence in you, he must respect you in your calling as a physician, and not merely in your character as a social friend and companion. The qualities for which he might esteem you in the latter capacity are often the very reverse of those which would induce him to confide in you in the former. The accomplishments which may render you acceptable in the drawing-room are not always those which would make your visits longed for and valued in the chamber of sickness and sorrow. I repeat, therefore, that if you dream of making patients by making friends, you will utterly delude yourselves, and damage your own prospects. By your undivided devotion to your profession, labor to create for yourselves a sound and just medical reputation, and that reputation will create for you patients.—*Simpson's Physicians and Physic.*

The State of Architecture on the Lunar Surface!—Though negative in their results, the observations already made by Lord Rosse with his great new telescope are interesting. His lordship states that every object on the surface of the moon 100 feet in height is now distinctly visible; and under favorable circumstances even objects 60 feet in height. Rocks and stones innumerable are seen, but no architecture—no building, although such a single structure as Somerset House, for instance, ought to be distinctly visible—far less a street, a village, or a town. Not a vestige of green fields or of water appears, although even a small reservoir or a not very large flower-pot would be recognizable—all seems desolate.—*Builder.*

☞ Plants are injurious to health when kept in a sleeping room, because though in the day-time they absorb carbonic acid gas, and give out oxygen, which is healthful, in the night, the reverse takes place from the absence of sun-light—oxygen is absorbed, and carbonic acid gas given out, which vitiates the air.

OMNIBUSIANA.

Irritable Old Gentleman (*giving conductor a tremendous poke in the ribs*).—"Hollo there! Stop! What the * * * * * Confound you, didn't I tell you stop at Acacia Villa?"

Extremely Civil Conductor.—"Dear me, so you did, sir—I beg your pardon, I'm sure, sir, but I really quite forgot it."

Irritable Old Gentleman.—"D-d-d-don't beg my pardon, you impudent scoundrel! If you give me any of your bad language, I'll have you up as sure as you're born."

Agricultural.

ON DEEP CULTIVATION.

Were we to examine the depth to which the roots of many of our cultivated plants will penetrate a loose, open soil in quest of food, we should be less skeptical as to the advantages which deep cultivation affords to the roots of plants. The market gardeners around London trench often and deeply, not only to change the surface, as some suppose, but to allow the roots of their crops to range as deeply as they please, and without this assistance the enormous crops of first-rate produce they get from their land could not be obtained. If deep cultivation is requisite in the rich and deep alluvial soils of the Thames valley, how much more so is it on poor and shallow soils, which afford comparatively only a limited pasturage for the roots of plants. It is true, gravelly and rocky subsoils are almost beyond the reach of improvement; as the expense of breaking up the substratum would, in most instances, be too great to pay. But this is not always the case, for I have seen the brashy subsoil of some localities broken up with good results, as well as some gravelly subsoils, particularly where the layers of gravel are thin and mixed with clay or ferruginous matter, rendering them impervious to water, as well as to the roots of plants. By breaking through this crust, so as to admit a free passage for the water, a marked improvement follows. Clay subsoils, however retentive, are capable of being reclaimed; but this is a work of time, as all you can do, after thorough drainage, is to break up the clayey bottom, to the depth of twelve or eighteen inches, according to its nature, each time the ground is dug or trenched. This bottom, when forked up, should be kept as open as possible, which will facilitate the passage of water through it, and the salts and ammonia carried down by the rains from the manuring, &c., of the upper soil, will in time reduce its tenacity, assisted by the decomposing action of the air, which will now have better access to it; and in a few years, by practising this, you will find your land gradually increasing in depth and productiveness. Many calcareous and slaty rocks are likewise capable of improvement when broken up and exposed to the action of the weather, and when shallow soils rest on these descriptions of rocks, by all means break up a stratum of it yearly below the top soil. Many hard compact marls of the red sandstone and lias formations are as unfavorable for the growth of plants as rock or gravel, and yet when broken up and exposed to atmospheric influences, they make fertile soils capable of producing every kind of crop. I remember some 15 or 16 years back, paying a visit to the garden of the late E. Davis, Esq., of Bath, whom many of your readers will recollect was the first amateur Dahlia grower of that day, and his plants were growing apparently in a mass of stones. The garden of this gentleman was situated on the side of one of the oolitic ranges which surround Bath, with barely a covering of soil over the rock; this Mr. Davis had broken up two feet in depth, and had mixed with it the surface soil and a little manure; the luxuriance of his Dahlias and general garden produce was remarkable, and may perhaps be remembered by those of your readers who visited Entree Hill at the time in question. To obtain a sufficient depth of soil for the roots of vegetables to penetrate is one means, and a very great one, of increasing their produce. Plants growing in soils made open for a considerable depth, are much less liable to suffer in dry weather, as their roots are in a position to obtain moisture at a lower depth, and hence the suitability of deep soils for summer crops; the same soils are likewise warmer in winter. A soil from which the water passes through freely can never be very damp, and relatively never very cold; nor are they so dry in summer, for this reason, the action of the sun's rays on the surface soil causes the moisture therein to be given off by evaporation, and this produces an upward action of the moisture contained in the soil below, to supply that which has escaped by exhalation and the surface. We shall find, then, that in proportion to the power of the evaporating process on the surface there will be a corresponding rise of watery particles throughout the entire mass of soil below. This will positively keep the soil moister, because it is more open and porous, than a shallow soil with a compact subsoil, which would obstruct the progress of moisture from below, at the same time as it prevented its escape downwards. By all means then for vegetables have a mass of soil, if practicable, from two or three feet deep, sufficiently open to admit air and water to pass freely each way when needed.—*X. Y. Z., in the (English) Florist, Fruitist and Garden Miscellany for May.*

Relieving Choked Cattle.—The following method of relieving neat cattle, when choked by a turnip, potato, &c., has been tried, it is said, and never known to fail:—Pour into the throat of the animal, from a junk bottle, a pint or so of lamp or sweet oil, at the same time rubbing the throat briskly with the hand. Immediate relief will follow. This is easily tried, and may be the means of saving many valuable animals.

How Long will Drain-Tiles Last?—This is a question often asked by persons without experience in the use of tiles. John Johnston says, in the Country Gentleman, that he has lately taken up the first tiles laid on his farm, eighteen years since, and they are now as sound as the day they were laid. No doubt they were good in the beginning, as all tiles should be.

PASTURES.

One cause of the decline of pasture grounds in this country, appears to be seldom noticed. It is this: the patches of grass that are left by the stock, remain on the ground; the growth of the following season being intermingled with this "old *fog*," is also *rejected*, and the longer the fog is allowed to accumulate, the more these patches are avoided. The light mould which is formed by the partial decay of old grass, forms a good bed for the germination of the seeds of trees or shrubs, or other wild plants, which not only render the grass innutritious, but gradually destroy it. These patches are first left, perhaps, on some of the best parts of the field—left simply from their rank growth. The spots may, to be sure, need drainage, but with this would produce the best of grass as to quantity and quality.

It has sometimes been suggested that these patches of rejected grass should be mowed, and the crop removed, to which some farmers have replied that they wanted the grass to stand for their stock to eat in times of drought, although it must be *severe* hunger which would force an animal to resort to one of these patches where several generations of grass lie souring and moulding.

Another objection to this practice is, that grass by going to seed not only exhausts its own vital energies, but in the formation of seed exhausts the soil in a greater degree than is done by its whole previous growth.

The best graziers are careful to have their pastures smoothly cleaned off once a year. If they cannot stock with such precision as to do this, they resort to the scythe. By this course the new growth comes fresh and sweet over the whole ground.

Some remarks of a correspondent of the Mark Lane Express may be given in point. He is speaking of the good grazing which he saw in Leicestershire fifty years ago, and says—

"Their pastures were kept short until the first of July. When I say short, I mean of sufficient length for an ox to fill his belly; and, to keep the said pastures level, sweet, and fresh, the ox dung was gathered up weekly. What said this first class of Leicestershire graziers, part of which was borrowed from Bakewell, the great in agriculture? Why, that all grass grown before midsummer should either be mown or kept at a proper length by cattle and sheep, as grass (said they wisely) grown in April and May is bad food for cattle and sheep in August, September, October, and November; and all grass grown upon rich land after midsummer is food and nutritious food for cattle and sheep all through the last-named four months. A meadow laid for hay and not mown, and not stocked until September and October, is bad and unfeeding: the first-grown grass being dead ripe, the seed is lost on the ground, and the dead grass is out of season. Eat all grasses in season."

He anticipates an objection which some might make to this system in this country, viz.: that "Keeping pastures short until after midsummer, does not answer in a very hot and *dry* season," but at the same time adds, that "The mowing rough grass rejected by cattle, suits all seasons, *dry* or wet."

Steeping Seeds.—We have been requested to put upon record a fact in relation to this subject, which may serve as a caution of some utility to a good many. A farmer soaked his seed corn this spring, as he usually does, some of it 12, and some of it 24, 30, 36, and up to 48 hours. Towards the last days of his planting the land became very dry, and as there was no rain for upwards of two weeks afterwards, there were many parts of the ground so dry that seeds could not possibly germinate. The consequence was, that much, or perhaps all, of the seed corn which had been steeped long enough to cause it to sprout, could not procure in the earth moisture enough to have the process, already commenced, continued. The sprouts or swelled germ finding no moisture, rotted or died. Had as severe a drought as actually did occur, been anticipated, our informant would probably have preferred to plant unsoaked seed in the dryest portion of his field. He thinks that when there is considerable probability of a "dry spell" after planting, it would be safer to plant seed which had not been steeped at all, than put any seed into dry ground—already dry—which has become soft or commenced to swell or germinate.

Scratches in Horses.—May be cured, unless very inveterate, by washing thoroughly with soapsuds, and then rubbing with lard fried out of salt meat. Keep clean, and wash and grease every other day until a cure is effected. Leaving mud to dry upon the legs of a horse, is one great cause of this disease, and many horses are injured by want of care and cleanliness when driven in muddy weather.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Manufacture of Steel by Electricity.—The London Mining Journal contains an account of some experiments, by which, in contradistinction to the ordinary method of manufacturing steel, it is proved that a process has been discovered of converting iron into steel by a current of electricity, passed through the iron when placed in a furnace, and embedded in charcoal, whereby an immense saving of labor, time and fuel, is the more immediate result. Different qualities of steel can be produced by the process, with a certainty, regularity, and efficiency hitherto unattainable.

☞ Instead of covering your glasses and pictures with muslin, cover the frames only with cheap yellow cambric, neatly put on, and as near the color of the gilt as possible. This leaves the glasses open, and is a barrier to dust and flies. When faded, it can be recolored with saffron tea.

Effect of Hard Water upon Animals.—Horses have an instinctive love for soft water, and refuse hard water if they can possibly get the former. Hard water produces a rough and staring coat on horses, and renders them liable to gripes. Pigeons also refuse hard water, if they can obtain access to soft. Cleghorn states that hard water in Minorca causes diseases in the system of certain animals, especially of sheep. So much are race horses influenced by the quality of the water, that it is not unfrequent to carry a supply of soft water to the locality in which the race is to take place, lest, there being only hard water, the horses should lose condition. Mr. Youatt, in his book called *The Horse*, remarking on the desirableness of soft water for the horse, says: "Instinct or experience has made the horse himself conscious of this, for he will never drink hard water if he has access to soft; he will leave the most transparent water of the well for a river, although the water may be turbid, and even for the muddiest pool." And again, in another place, he says: "Hard water, drawn fresh from the well, will assuredly make the coat of a horse unaccustomed to it stare, and will not unfrequently gripe or further injure him."

How the Greeks Became Slaves to the Turks.—The slavery of the Greeks to the Ottoman was not the result of any inferiority in numerical force, material wealth, and scientific knowledge.—The successes of the Ottoman Turks, like those of the Romans, must be in great part attributed to their superiority in personal courage, individual morality, systematic organization, and national dignity. The fact is dishonorable to Christian civilization. After the conquest of Constantinople, the Greeks sank with wonderful rapidity, and without an effort, into the most abject slavery. For three centuries their political history is merged in the history of the Ottoman Empire. During this long period, the national position, for evil and for good, was determined by the aggregate of vice and virtue in the individuals who composed the nation. Historians rarely allow due weight to the direct influence of individual conduct in the mass of mankind on political history. At this period, however, the national history of the Greeks is comprised in their individual biography.—*The History of Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination.*

The Poet.—The true poet is not one whit to be pitied, and he is apt to laugh in his sleeve when any misguided sympathizer whines over his wrongs.—Even when utilitarians sit in judgment on him, and pronounce him and his art useless, he hears the sentence with such a hard derision, such a broad, deep, comprehensive and merciless contempt of the unhappy Pharisees who pronounce it, that he is rather to be chidden than condoled with.—*Currer Bell.*

Useful Receipts.

To Harden Alabaster.—The soft semi-transparent white marble, called alabaster, may be hardened by exposing it to the heat of a baker's oven for twenty-four hours, after taking it out of the quarry, and giving it the intended shape; after removing from the oven, it is immersed for two minutes in running water, and when cold, the same process of immersing is performed again; upon being exposed to air, after this is done, alabaster acquires a hardness almost equal to that of marble.

To Improve Vinegar.—Boil two quarts of vinegar until reduced to one quart; then put it in a vessel and place it in the sun every day for a week. This may then be mixed with six times its quantity of weak vinegar in a small cask. It will be found sufficiently sharp and strong for every purpose. Another method of strengthening vinegar is to dissolve some sugar in it, which, by its decomposition, changes into vinegar; for, after some weeks the taste of the sugar has disappeared, and the strength of the vinegar has increased. The sugar must be added by little at a time, and the warmth of the place in which it is kept should be uniform.

Cure for Heaves in Horses.—The following is said to be a certain cure. To three quarts of sweet milk, add a teaspoonful of sulphuric acid, and mix with the horse's food. Give, at first, three times a week, and afterwards, once or twice, as there may seem occasion, for a week longer.

Confectioner's Paste.—Weigh one pound and a half of flour, which put upon your slab; make a hole in the centre, in which put one pound of sifted sugar; mix it well with twelve eggs into a stiffish paste, having first well dissolved the sugar with the eggs; work it well—it is then ready for use.

A Few Things which Everybody Ought to Know.—A quart of peas sown in a shallow box, fifteen inches wide by eighteen inches long, at any time of the year, and cut off when about four or five inches high, and boiled like spinach, with a little salt, makes a most delicious dish. The tops of Jerusalem artichokes cut off about six inches long, and boiled like other greens, make a capital dish, which partakes in some degree of the flavor of the root. Boiled watercress also makes a wholesome and delicious dish. It must not, however, be over-boiled; for impaired constitutions it is invaluable. In April and May late potatoes should always be peeled some ten or twelve hours, and steeped in cold spring-water before they are cooked. This is a great improvement; it makes the potato nearly as good as those dug in October.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

How to use Peashells.—It has been often said that the man is a benefactor to his country who makes two blades of grass grow where one only grew before, and by parity of reasoning it ought to be a good work to show how wholesome and palatable food may be prepared from what is commonly thrown away. Boyer informed us some years since how good pottage might be made of very scanty materials, and his principles might be extended in many other directions. We have heard something lately of good soup made from the shoots of young peas, but that can scarcely come under the head of economy. There is, however, an article which is almost universally discarded in this country as fit only for the pigs, which is really an excellent material for the formation of pottage. Those who have attended the French markets at a sufficiently early hour, will have probably lamented over the misery of the people who carry off at a low price the pea-shells for pottage, but they might reserve their sympathy, and would do so if they had partaken of such soup as at a very trifling cost may be prepared from the article. The following directions may be altered according to circumstances. They will, however, as they are, produce a very excellent dish. Take three quarts of water in which meat has been boiled the previous day, and place it on the fire with a small teaspoonful of pepper and three larger of salt, (if the broth has been made with fresh meat,) taking care, however, that neither ingredient is predominant. Add the shells of half a peck of peas, and a bundle of herbs, including a good quantity of chives or sweet leeks, and if possible, a sprig or two of tarragon—a small quantity only of the latter will be requisite. When the pea-shells are sufficiently boiled, pour the whole through a colander, and when the liquor is strained off, pound the pea-shells and herbs in a mortar, returning them to the colander and rubbing through what will pass easily. Add now a small cup full of peas, two lettuces, shred rather small, the more stalky the better, provided they are properly blanched, and a couple of sprigs of mint, and you will have a soup which would not disgrace any table, especially if a little fried bread is added, and an ounce of white sugar. If a thick soup is preferred, a little flour and butter or other thickening must be used. It is not necessary to have anything stronger than common broth as the foundation. No one who has partaken of this soup properly prepared, will doubt so far of the wisdom of the people who habitually make the most of what Providence has placed before them.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 6, 23, 26, 9, 19, 5, 15, 33, 17, 20, was an Athenian who introduced the law of Ostracism.

My 16, 28, 7, 27, 18, 11, 24, is the name of a great astronomer.

My 22, 13, 29, 6, 3, 27, is one of the infernal judges.

My 6, 16, 33, 11, 8, is a title of the fairies.

My 27, 14, 23, 14, 33, was the second great law-giver of Athens.

My 6, 21, 29, 2, 14, 33, is the ferryman of hell.

My 23, 26, 33, 3, 27, was the earliest Greek poet.

My 12, 32, 26, 6, 14, 7, 12, 26, 16, is the Goddess of Contention.

My 30, 25, 33, 26, 32, are guardian angels.

My 23, 13, 31, 33, 12, 25, 33, swam the Hellespont to see his lady-love.

My 12, 17, 22, 5, 14, was a man whose laws were said to have been written, not with ink, but in blood.

My 33, 29, 20, 31, 12, 14, 6, were nymphs of rivers, &c., &c.

My 1, 21, 29, 23, 32, 10, is the muse of comedy.

My 4, 8, 18, 13, 24, 32, 33, 10, a goddess of corn.

My 6, 26, 17, 6, 13, was a famous enchantress.

My 10, 33, 22, 6, 25, 28, 14, 33, was a lyric poet of Greece.

My 12, 28, 22, 6, 14, 33, is one of the editors of an excellent literary paper.

My whole is an often quoted expression of William Cullen Bryant. RODNEY RIPPERR.

Greencastle, Ind.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 7, 8, is a man mentioned in the Bible.

My 2, 19, 11, 13, 6, is found in houses of worship.

My 3, 15, 1, 7, 6, is a military officer.

My 4, 18, 13, 9, 4, 3, is what every person should strive to gain.

My 5, 7, 19, 13, 3, 7, 16, was a wise man of antiquity.

My 6, 13, 3, 9, was a powerful city of antiquity.

My 7, 19, 4, 6, 19, 19, with the letter "a" inserted, is name of a celebrated musician.

My 8, 13, 5, 11, 7, 14, is a city of New England.

My 9, 2, 5, 11, is one of the four points of the compass.

My 10, 2, 3, is a male domestic animal.

My 11, 7, 19, 4, 20, 13, is a city in the State of Ohio.

My 12, 2, 14, 20, is abundant in the sahara or Great Desert.

My 13, 17, 4, is a numeral.

My 14, 15, 5, 4, is an important member of the human race.

My 15, 4, 14, 9, 2, 5, is an individual whose travels are recorded in verse.

My 16, 7, 12, 6, is an admired flower.

My 17, 9, 11, is a useful article to fishermen.

My 18, 2, 6, is a useful article to fishermen.

My 19, 2, 14, 20, is that which is most welcome to a sailor after a long voyage.

My 20, 4, 19, 7, 5, was an island in the ancient Aegean the birth-place of a famous pagan god.

My whole is the name of a Major-General in the service Queen Victoria, whose father rendered himself, in this, native country, most infamous. IN YACUO.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first's a nickname for a male,
That you have often heard;
My second is an animal,
Half quadruped, half bird.
My third—a British general—
For virtues not renowned;
My whole, a mammoth bird of prey,
In Africa 'tis found. GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To raise a child as it should go,
And it to duty bring,
My first is kept about the house,
And thought to be the thing.
My second is a certain class,
That roam the world abroad,
And feel the real wants of life,
Yet blest are they of God.
My third is used as a nickname—
A judgment carried out;
And it is said to be a choice,
When that is brought about.
Oft on the banks of Hurricane
I've sat in balmy spring,
To hear the bullfrogs and my whole
In sweetest concert sing.

Franklin, Ind. SCREW.

TRANSPOSITION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 8 letters.

Without my 2, 3, 4, 6, I become a name for the female.
Without my 1, I become a musical instrument.
Without my 1, 2, 4, I become an irregular verb.
Without my 1, 3, 4, 6, I become an improper dipthong.
Without my 2, 3, 4, I become one of the human species.
Without my 3, 4, I become a name to denote grief.
Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, I become an adjective.
Without my 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, I become one of the vowels.

My whole is the surname of one of the Brigadier Generals who fought for our liberty. JACK.

Washington, Ohio.

ANAGRAMS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

1. Asa, M. D.
2. Bin Ear,
3. I Am Dina.
4. Hall I Kid Apple.
5. N. On Eibs.
6. Not Rent.
7. No More.
8. Rob Hen.
9. Tan Cleare.
10. Is U Lost.
11. Wash Not-Gin.
12. Worn Key.

GAHMEW.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Two crystal springs, whose waters bright
Dance sparkling in the sunny light,
Between two nodding trees are set,
Like diamonds in a coronet.
Around their margins flowers grow,
With petals white as new-made snow.
One tree is eighty feet in height,
And first reflects the grateful light,
Which on the hill-tops far away,
Proclaims the golden orb of day.
The other tree, though not so high,
Looks proudly to the azure sky,
And shakes its green plume in the breeze,
Asking no odds of other trees.
Although in height it can't compete,
(It being only thirty feet;)
Yet still, in symmetry and grace,
It claims more than the second place.
They stand one hundred feet apart,
Surpassing all that's found in art.
Between the springs there may be found
Upon the surface of the ground,
A point, which, all will soon agree,
From the top of each stately tree
Is equidistant, which you'll find
By intuition in your mind.
Find out how far that point does lie
From each clear spring the sparkles nigh,
Providing that it may be seen
A space of ten feet lies between
The number of feet you, out of the teens
Will measure the space that now intervenes
Between the base of the taller tree
And the pellucid spring which first you see.

Centreville. W. P.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When does a man shave with a silver razor? When he cuts off his heirs with a shilling.

☞ Connubial Conundrum.—When is a man shaved by proxy? When his wife goes a shopping in his absence.

☞ The following awful Connubrum was brought forth, after much travail, in Memphis:—Why is Memphis larger than Cincinnati? Because *Since-a-gnat-eye* is small, Memphis must be larger, you know.

☞ What is that which can be often found where it is not? Fault.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—Drusilla, youngest daughter Herod Antipas the First. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Combat between the three Horatii of Rome and the three Curiatii of Alba; the latter all slain, and Alba is conquered. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Old Stone Mill at Newport, Rhode Island. CHARADE—Drum-head-Cabbage. RIDDLE—Coward. CHARADE—Opie. ANAGRAMS.—1. giers. 2. Stout. 3. Melinda. 4. St. Louis. 5. Ware. Mora. 7. Tunis. 8 Manica. 9 Mashow. 10. Sendar. Marani. 12. Tisbeni. PROBLEM.—44, 72 feet. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—60 and 90 rods.

☞ "Our prospects is very dark," said Bread the baker, on the occasion of a rise in flour. "Yes said Mrs. Partington, "and so is your bread; but, said that estimable lady, looking benignantly through her specs, "your loaves are light enough."